

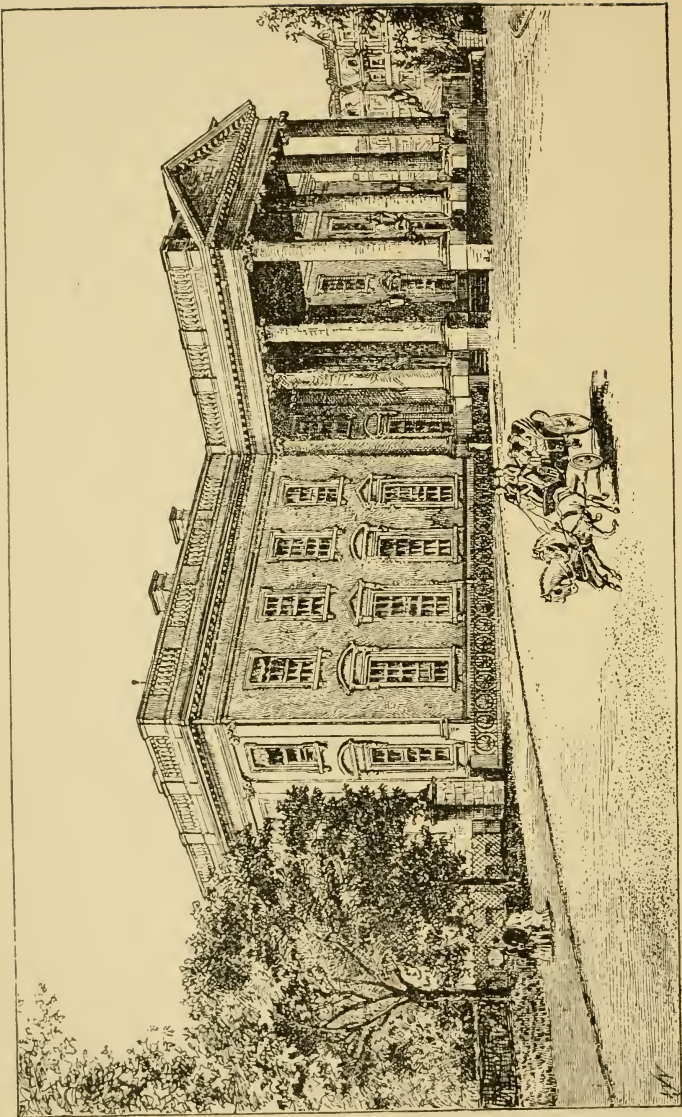
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THE WHITE HOUSE—HOME OF THE PRESIDENTS.

LIVES OF THE
PRESIDENTS.

TOLD IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

By JEAN S. REMY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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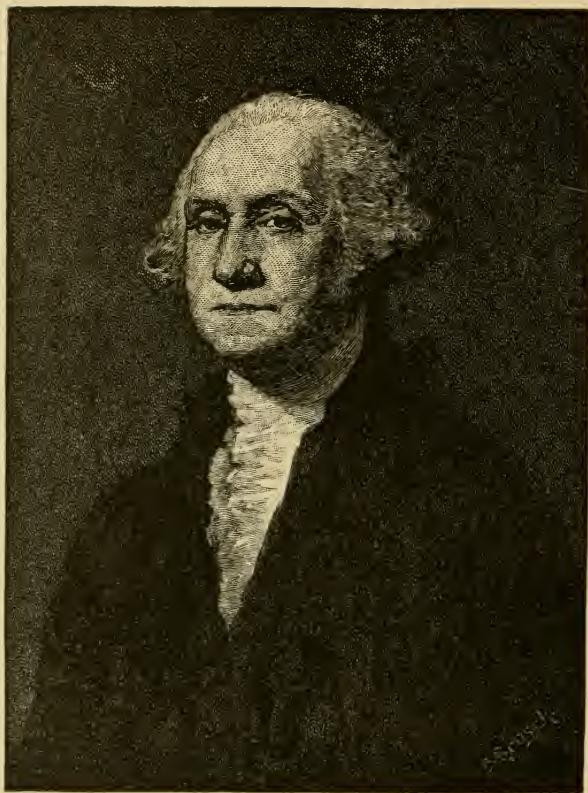
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LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

BY JEAN S. REMY.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON.

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

GEORGE WASH-ING-TON.

WAY down in Vir-gin-i-a, near a small creek, called Bridges Creek, there is a shaft of white stone;—on it is the name of George Wash-ing-ton and the date of his birth, Feb-ru-ar-y 22d, 1732.

On this spot once stood the big brick house in which George Wash-ing-ton was born; it was built in 1657 by a Mr. Wash-ing-ton; his grand-son, Au-gus-tine, was the father of the lit-tle boy who be-came our first pres-i-dent. The moth-er of George Wash-ing-ton was Ma-ry Ball; so sweet and fair was she, when she was a young girl, that she was known as “Sweet Mol-ly.”

Now she was not the first wife of Au-gus-tine Wash-ing-ton; and he had two boys, Law-rence and Au-gus-tine, when he made her his wife. These boys were so kind to their small broth-er George, when he was young, and gave him so much help, all through his life, that their names should stay in your minds. When George was three years old his home was burned to the ground, and his father built a fine new house, just o-ver the riv-er from where the cit-y of Fred-er-icks-burg now stands. Here George went to his first school, and the name of the man who taught him was so queer, it will not go out of your mind;—it was “Hob-by.” In those old days, the boys wrote to their

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

s ; he longed, just as boys would to-day, to throw his books, to leave school, to go to the true war and real gun ; and when he was fifteen, his brother-in-law, who was a soldier, tried to make his mother join the navy, as he was too young to go to the sea. But this mother was a very wise woman, and said that his place was at home until he knew how to care for the great plantation and the many slaves that in five years would be his.

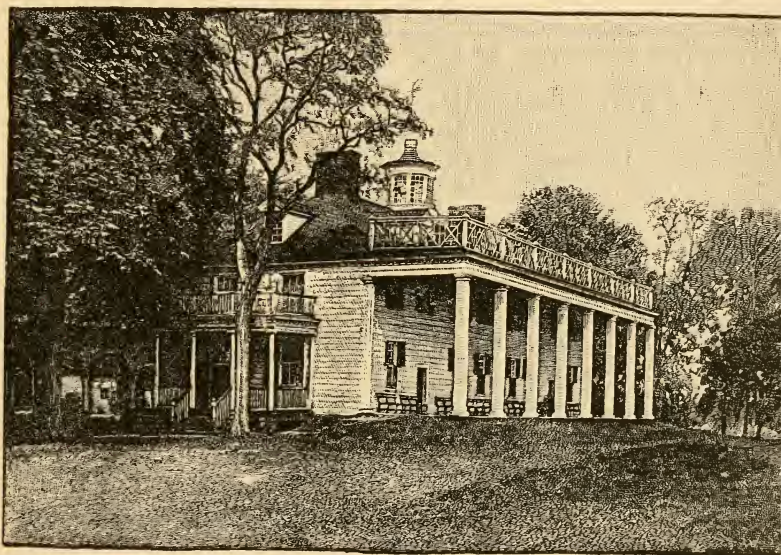
Now, at this time, this great land of ours was so wild that it was hard to tell how much land a man owned, just one great farm ended and the next began ; and no one knew the land so well that he could tell folks just what things would be of much use ; so George now began to spend much time to just this work ; and so well did he do that soon folks came to him when they were in doubt.

Let this work led, as you shall see, straight up to the President's seat. His brother Lawrence had married Elizabeth Fairfax, and in their home at Mt. Vernon George met many great men ; among others was Lord Thomas Fairfax, who owned a piece of land so large that he did not know how big it was ; he sent George to find this out ; and his young boy had a rough piece of real work to do.

In March, 1748, he and a young friend, George William Fairfax, left the ease of Mt. Vernon to live in the wild country where they would see only Indians, or, at the best, a few white men ; in the log huts of the white men they found so much dirt that, after one trial, rather than sleep on any straw, with no sheet, and but one torn, thin blanket, they either lay on the bare floor, near the big wood-fire, or built a huge fire in the woods and lay close to it on the ground. They had to swim their horses over streams ;

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

they shot wild deer and birds, and of-ten cooked and
them, alone in the great wild woods, far from e-ven the c
of the In-di-ans. Once, at least, we know, from a little
a which each night George wrote of what they had
that day, that they saw a grand war-dance of the In-di
the mu-sic by which they danced was made by a pot
full of wa-ter, with a deer-skin o-ver the top, and a g



MOUNT VERNON—THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

led with shot; this must have made queer mu-si
ance by.

The boys were gone six weeks, and did their wor
ell that the gov-ern-or heard of it, and he made Geor
pub-lic sur-vey-or;” that is, it was his place to find ou
ze of all the new farms; and his word was to be law.
must have done this work well, too, for the lines which

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

yn were the ones used by the new States years and after his death.

for weeks at a time, he was a-lone in the woods with i-ans ; liv-ing in their camps, and learn-ing of their ey taught him ma-ny things ; and they, in turn, to love and trust him ; this lone-ly life made him a nd qui-et man ; one who talked lit-tle ; and it taught hink for him-self, at an age when most boys are at to do by their par-ents and friends.

en he was not in the woods, hard at work, he was Vernon ; and here the talk was of the great lands in t ; and of the war bet-ween the Eng-lish and the who were each try-ing to drive a-way the oth-er, re both try-ing to force out the In-di-ans. It was hard for the In-di-ans, who now had not on-ly to fight er, but the white men, too. At last they took sides, ith the Eng-lish, some with the French ; and a fierce ke out o-ver the land near the O-hi-o River ; no white d yet lived there, and both sides wished to own it. e French moved ver-y fast, and built great forts, and en there to keep the Eng-lish a-way ; it was no “ play- a which Wash-ing-ton now took part ; he had real der him ; but, just as he be-gan to learn what real as, he had to go to the West In-dies with his broth-er nce, who was ver-y sick. They spent the win-ter ut Law-rence did not get well, and came back to Mt. n in the spring, where he died in Ju-ly, 1752.

left his land in charge of Wash-ing-ton, who now his home there ; and when his broth-er’s daugh-ter be-came the own-er.

w, while Wash-ing-ton had been a-way, the French en ver-y ac-tive ; they had made friends with the

Indians, and had even dared to send some English troops on a ship to France.

At this act England was up and in arms, and sent over great ships and many men to help fight the French. The first step that England took was to send men to the French away from the English forts in Pennsylvania and Washington, who knew better than any one else the rough wild woods, and who was a friend of the Indians. He led a little band of seven men through the dense woods and over rivers filled with floating ice, up to the French lines. He told the chief man of the French to give up what the English said, but this French man would not give up one inch of ground that he had won from the Indians, and gave Washington a note to take back to him, in which he said as much.

Of course England could take but one course, and so the long, fierce war known as the "Seven Years War" began. Washington was made a colonel, showed so much skill, and was so brave, that in a short time he took charge of part of the troops of General Braddock.

In June, 1755, the troops made a start for Fort Duquesne, where they were to stay; and on this trip, when they were deep in the woods, the Indians, with shrieks and wild cries, sprang on them from the rocks and trees. The horse on which Washington rode was killed. General Braddock got such a wound that he died, and many poor men were killed. Here again Washington acted so bravely, and was so wise, that the soldiers who thought Braddock had lost the day and Washington had saved the army.

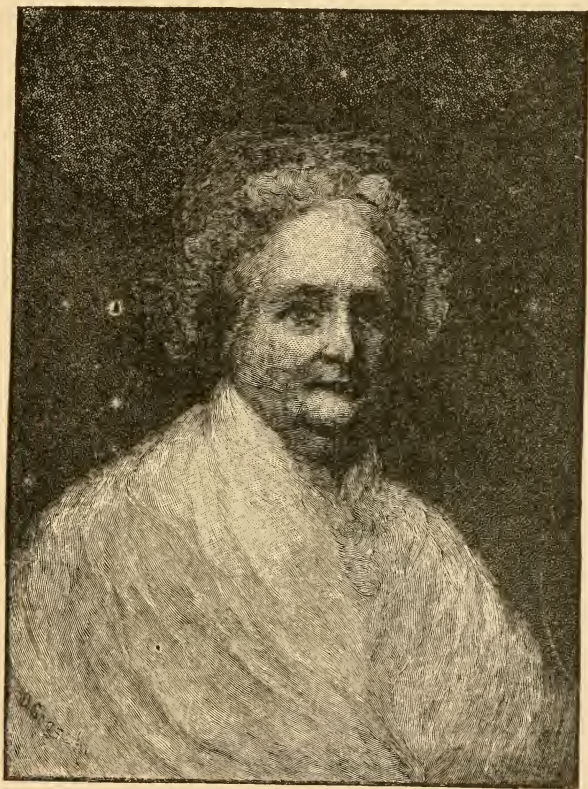
At Braddock's death Washington was made chief

troops in the colonies ; and the first thing he did was to place men near the homes which the white men were making in the new lands, and so help these early settlers to stop the Indians when they came to rob them and burn up their little log cabins, for a great fear of the Indians was over all the land. Now, when the war was close with the fall of the French, we find that Washington is a very great man, that his troops love him very much, and that the heads of the states feel that he is a brave, wise man, and one whom they can trust. All this, you know, he was an English soldier, fighting for England ; but, deep in his heart, and in the hearts of his brave men who fought with him, there was, we are sure, a love for this fair land, and a longing for its independence.

When the war was at an end Washington, who was obliged to give up his post, married Mrs. Eustis, a young widow with two little children, a girl of six years and a boy of twelve, and went to Mt. Vernon to live. For twenty years he lived the quiet life he loved so well. He took care of his farm, was happy with his family and his friends, and grew, day by day, in power. He did not lead a busy life, you may be sure ; he rose early, had his breakfast at seven in summer and eight in winter ; then rode over his farm and saw that all was right. He had his dinner at two o'clock ; then had an early tea, and often was to bed by nine o'clock. Twice a year he sent to London for goods needed in the way of dress for his family and for tools, books, drugs, etc. Some of the things he sent for the children I think you boys and girls would like. He sent for "tops, little books for children to read, a doll, and other toys."

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Wash-ington loved hors-es and was ver-y fond of h
g. The name of his pet horse was "Blue-skin"; he n
ve looked ver-y fine when he was on horse-back; fo
as a big man, with bright blue eyes and high color,



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

wore a red vest with gold lace on it, and a dark b
th coat. Mrs. Wash-ington rode in a fine car-riage dra
four hors-es, and her driv-er wore the Wash-ington
of red, white and gold. These old days were full of

and fun, but there was work as well, and soon came talk of war.

All through these twenty years this land was getting big-ger and big-ger ; and at last came the time when the folks did not see why they should not be free from Eng-land and rule their own land in their own way.

At last Eng-land made a law called the " Stamp Act " which put so high a tax on goods that folks here would not pay it ; tea was one of the things on which this tax was put, and when Eng-land sent o-ver three ships full of tea to Bos-ton, our men would not let it be taken from the ships. They broke the great chests and threw all the tea in the water. This act is known as the " Bos-ton Tea Par-ty " ; and after this the first signs of war were seen ; a fierce fight took place at Lex-ington, one Sun-day morn-ing, between the British and A-mer-i-can troops ; and now, all o-ver the land, went up a cry, " To arms ! To arms ! "

This is how the great War of In-de-pend-ence began, and you know the name of the man who was at once put at the head of the A-mer-i-can ar-my—George Wash-ing-ton, of course ! Now he is not an Eng-lish-man fight-ing for Eng-land, but an A-mer-i-can fight-ing to free his own land. A long, hard fight it was, too, but not once did Wash-ing-ton or his brave men lose heart. He drove the British out of Bos-ton, and then, for fear they would go to New York, he sent men there ; but the British ships went to Can-a-da in-stead, and made that land theirs.

It was just at this time that Rich-ard Hen-ry Lee, a boy-friend of Wash-ing-ton, made a move in Con-gress to say that our land should say to the whole world that it would be free from British rule ; and so the Dec-lar-a-tion of In-de-pend-ence was drawn up and sent out to the world on July 4.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

War now began in deadly earnest ; and, at the battle of Long Island, our men met with great loss of life and had to flee from the foe. Soon after this bad news the British took Philadelphia, and Washington was sad at heart ; but on Christmas day of 1776, though the British troops won in the great fight that took place at Trenton, and there was joy in the whole land ; good news came with the New Year, too, for Washington won many fights ; and at last, in October, 1777, the British troops in charge of General Burgoyne gave up their arms to General Gates. That winter of 1777 was a bad one



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL BURGoyNE.

From an English print, 1733.

Washington and his men ; at no time in the war did they suffer so much ; the time was spent at Valley Forge and the men lived in log huts which they had first built along straight lines, like city streets ; twelve men lived in each hut, and there was a fire-place at the back, but it could not keep out the awful cold, and no hut was strong enough to keep out the snow that fell in great drifts around the little town of log huts. To make things worse there was little food to be had ; the men had only poor, thin clothes, and their bare feet often left marks of blood on the white snow. But the men did not lose hope, and kept their faith through all the long months in their general's shelter, whose lot was quite as hard as theirs was ; the house in which he had a room still stands, and it is hard to believe, as you look at this old house on the bank of the Delaware River, that once the big orchard back of it

the pret-ty fields were filled with poor little wood-en which, for the sake of free-dom, lived and suf-fered and of brave men.

In the spring things were bet-ter, for France joined America in her fight for free-dom, and three years from then the Brit-ish were beaten at York-town and Amer-ica was free. One of the great French-men, who gave us much help, and was a firm friend of Wash-ing-ton's, was the Mar-quis de La-fay-ette.



DE LAFAYETTE.

A very sad thing during these last years of the war was the base act of Ben-e-dict Ar-nold, who made up his mind to sell to the Brit-ish some posts near West Point, of which he had charge. He sent a note to Clin-ton by a young Brit-ish spy, Ma-jor An-drè; but on his way to the Brit-ish this young man was caught by three of our men. They found the note in his boots and he was brought to our Amer-ican camp, tried for his life and hung as a spy. Ben-dict Ar-nold had made his way to a ship and set sail for Eng-land, and his name is hat-ed, not on-ly by his own country but by e-ven the land to whom he tried to sell his trea-son.

It was in March, 1783, that the news of peace spread through the land, and it is said that Wash-ing-ton wept with joy, as he read the glad news to his troops; he gave thanks that the whole ar-my should give thanks to God; and this was done at a great meet-ing on the day after Lord Bur-goyne laid down his sword. Then there was a great celebra-tion at Fred-er-icks-burg, and Wash-ing-ton's old moth-

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

sev-en-ty-four years old, was there lean-ing on the arm of his son ; and do you not think she was proud, as one another of the great French of-fi-cers bowed to her, and spoke in her son's praise ?

It was on Christ-mas eve that Wash-ing-ton came home to Mt. Vernon, af-ter eight years of war : rid-ing in state with his wife at his side, this great A-mer-i-can, feared



SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN.

kings, and loved more than ev-er by the coun-try he made free, came glad-ly back to take up the quiet coun-try he loved so well ; and here, could he have had his wish, would have lived un-til his death ; but this new coun-try had at its head a man whom folks loved and trusted more than of whom oth-er lands stood in fear. No man but Washington could fill this great place ; and so, at the end

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

years, once more at his coun-try's call, he left home,—this time to be-come the first Pres-i-dent of the United States. Not one voice was a-gainst him; even in the new coun-try vot-ed to give him this last hon-our. On April 30th, 1789, in New York Ci-ty, he took the oath of of-fice. Wash-ing-ton, who was a ve-ry rich man, had tak-en no mon-ey for serv-ing his coun-try in the war; but he said he would take none now; but be-cause oth-er Pres-i-dents might not be rich e-nough or good e-nough to wait the same, the peo-ple made him take \$25,000 a year. As you know, the Pres-i-dent gets \$50,000 a year. Wash-ing-ton was in New York but one year, then the capital was moved to Phil-a-del-phia, and here he lived for four years, un-til af-ter eight years in the Pres-i-dent's chair he died. More, and for the last time, he came back home to Mount Vernon.

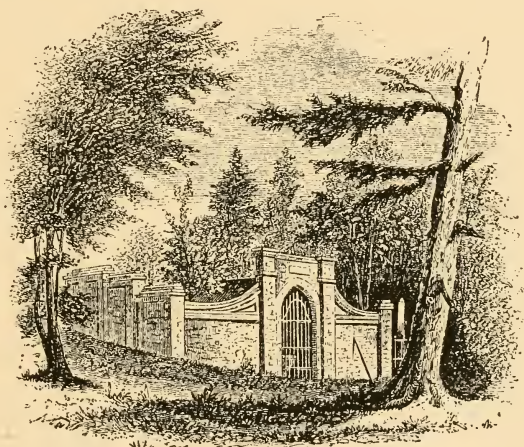
At the end of his term of of-fice, Wash-ing-ton on-ly had to see the next Pres-i-dent, John Ad-ams, take the oath, and soon af-ter he came back talk a-rose of war with France; and, of course, the coun-try turn-ed to him; he was again put in charge of the army, and took up the pub-lic duties he had so glad-ly laid down. But he had not long to live. At this time, for on De-cem-ber 12th, 1799, while rid-ing in a hard rain-storm, he took a heav-y cold, from which he died on Sat-ur-day night, De-cem-ber 14th, be-tween ten and eleven o'clock.

Wash-ing-ton was bur-ied at Mt. Ver-non, and to-day his tomb of "The Fa-ther of his Coun-try," as he is lov-ing-ly called, is a sac-red place; not on-ly to us, but to the men and women of the old lands, which were taught by him so long to hon-our and fear this great, new A-mer-i-ca.

Wash-ing-ton had been dead just one hun-dred years when

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

-cem-ber 14th, 1899, and the date was made much o
e U-nit-ed States : in New York Ci-ty, in Wash-ing-
d at Mt. Ver-non there was a great time in his hon-or
s great man is as dear to his coun-try to-day as he
en he was a-live.



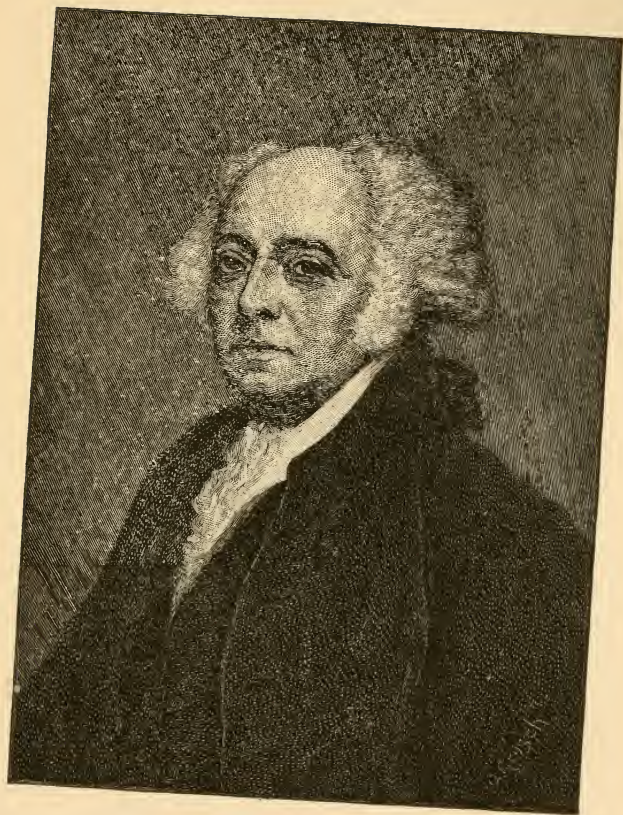
WASHINGTON FAMILY VAULT.

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

JOHN ADAMS.

JOHN ADAMS was born, not in the far South with many to wait on him, but on a small farm in Brain-tree. Here, from old England had come, in 1636, his grandfather, Henry Adams; and in this old home was on October 19th, 1735, John Adams, who was to be second President of the United States. Now, on this in the east, there was much work to be done, and few to do it; the folks who had made their homes here did not have much lives of ease as those who lived on the great farms in the South.

As a small boy, though, of course, he was taught to read and write, John Adams had a good deal of hard work to do. There was wood to chop, and snow to be cleared away; there were horses and cows to care for, and there was much work to do in the fields. In all this work John took his part, like the brave, strong boy that he was. When the days grew long and cold, he was sent to an old school near his home, and here he at once took his place with the other boys as one who would lead in fun and sport of all kinds. There was a good deal of fun, too, in those days, for boys and girls both; in the cold days there was good, strong ice to skate on; there was snow to play in, and to make sleds and roads for long rides in a sleigh; and, when the days were long and hot, there were fish in the big streams, and there was game in the wild woods. John was not fond of hunting, but still he did good work at school; and when he was quite young went to Harvard College. He left it in



JOHN ADAMS.

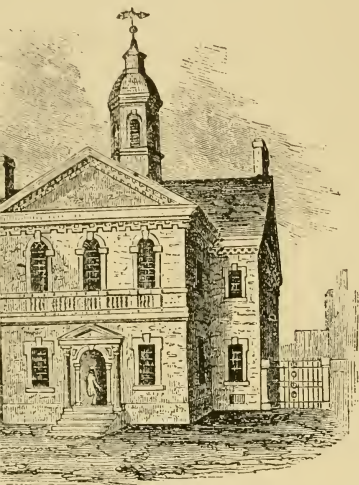
55, just at the start of the "Sev-en Years' War"; and the name of George Wash-ing-ton, the brave young Col-one of Vir-gin-ia, rang loud in his ears.

He taught school in Wor-ces-ter to earn the means to study law; and in 1758 he be-came a law-yer. He had many pupils, and grew wise and great, though he did not make much mon-ey, as folks in the small town of Brain-tride were far from rich and paid small fees. But he did make many kind friends, and far and near he was known as a man of clear, strong mind and quick, bright thoughts, and a fine, sweet voice, too, and his speech-es were al-ways wise and showed much thought.

In the strife with Eng-land he was, from the start on the side of A-mer-i-ca. So much did Eng-land fear him that in 1757, the Eng-lish king sent word that he would give him great wealth if he would serve him at this time. Adams would not do this; he would speak and act just as he thought right, and be bound by no king. When the "Star of Liberty" passed in 1764, he made a great speech, which he read to those at the head of his State; and when, in 1770, a troop of Brit-ish fired on a mob of A-mer-i-can men in the streets of Bos-ton, he took the case to the courts, and spoke for the Brit-ish Cap-tain and his men, though they had killed five of our men. It may seem strange to you that Ad-ams, who stood for A-mer-i-can rights, should here take sides with the Brit-ish; but, first of all, he stood for law; and, though he knew he ran the risk of losing his high place in the hearts of A-mer-i-can men, still he would do what he thought right. But men were so much with him, and like to see a brave man act as he thinks right, that they felt that he had just the clear, cool head and brain and a strong warm heart to give aid in the dark days that were

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

to the land. He was sent to the First Congress and one of the three men who drew up the Declaration of Independence.



CARPENTER'S HALL.

first Continental Congress met September, 1774.

He was also one of the three men to go to France and ask for the aid which she gave to America, in the spring after that hard winter at Valley Forge. Do you see why this trip at this time was a brave act, and one by which Adams ran a great risk of losing his life? England had no wish that he should reach France, and her ships tried in vain to get him. If he had been caught he would have been hung, as a man who was false to his

and his king. You know that he went to France, and did his work well. He stood up for our rights and a bill passed which made the ports of France and free to our goods. At the end of the war he was to England to look out for our rights there; and, now this is a pleasant task, it was not then, for it was hard for Adams to be true to America and yet not to the English king, George III.

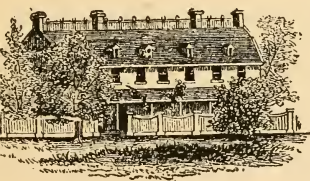
But we have seen how bold and brave a man he was, the first thing he said to the king was: "I must tell your Majesty that I love no country but my own"; and said the king, "An honest man will never love any other." In

JOHN ADAMS.

site of this, Ad-ams met with much rude-ness at the
sh court ; but he did his best for his coun-try, and v
e came home in 1787, af-ter twelve
ears of hard work, he was met with
reat joy. He was made Vice-Presi-
ent with Wash-ington, and at the
nd of Wash-ington's term of of-fice
e was made Pres-i-dent. He served
nly four years and then made way
r Thom-as Jef-fer-son.

At the age of six-ty-eight years,
with the love of the whole land, he
went to his home in Quin-cy, Mass.
His heart was ever with his coun-try ;
and he lived un-till his son, John
uin-cy Ad-ams, was made Pres-i-
ent of the U-nit-ed States.

His last thoughts were for his coun-try. On June
1826, he gave as a toast for the great feast to be held
July 4th the words : " In-de-pend-ence fore-ev-er."



RESIDENCE OF JOHN ADAMS.
At Quincy, Mass.



GEORGE III.
From an anonymous print.

He died on the night of
A-mer-i-ca's great day. His
words were of Jef-fer-son. He
" Thom-as Jef-fer-son still l
But this was not so, for Jef-fer-
son had died a few hours be-fore
this same day ; and this young
wept for two of her great men,
of whom, in giv-ing up their best to their coun-try, h
to make it the great, free land that it is to-day.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

When Thomas Jefferson was a boy his home was so near the Indians' camp and he saw so much of them that all boys will like to read of him. His father, Jefferson, took his bride, Jane Randolph, to a house on a large tract of land of over 1,000 acres, way out in Virginia in the midst of great woods. He was a big, strong man, and this strength was very useful to him in settling his new home, for he had to chop down huge trees and cut them up into the logs of which the little log house was built. He took with him into this wild new land a few slaves, but with their help his farm soon grew rich and he became a rich man. The Indians were great friends of his, and always sure of a warm welcome in his

land, the Indians were not always at peace with the white men, who had come to make their homes so near the Indians, and folks had to be on the watch for fear the red men would rob and kill them. Peter Jefferson was made one of the men who kept the Indians back in the wilderness and away from the little town that was fast growing near his home.

This great, strong man was fond of books, and it was from his father that little Thomas began to study. He was also taught to ride, to swim and to shoot; and as he was fond of music he spent long hours in learning to play on the violin, or "fiddle" as it was then called.

The In-di-ans near his home liked him, and he used to sing tunes for the lit-tle, brown In-di-an boys to dance by.

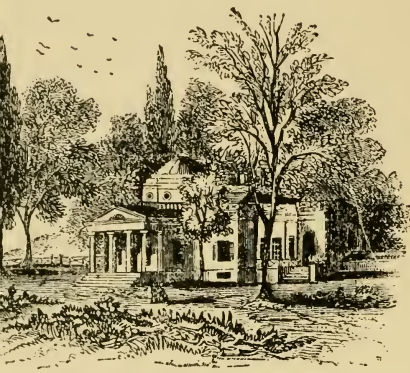
He was on-ly nine years old when he went to board school with a Mr. Doug-lass, and here he be-gan to study Lat-in, Greek and French. He was so near home that he did not stay a-way long at a time ; and in-deed, this was such a hap-py one, so full of life and fun, that he did not want to be a-way from it long at one time.

But this hap-py time did not last long, for Thom-as was but four-teen years old when his brave fa-ther was shot in a fight with the In-di-ans. This boy was now at the head of as big a place as the fa-ther of George Wash-ing-ton had left to him, and though he kept on with his books he had much more to care of this great farm to think of and plan for. He was a bright, well-read boy ; and was but six-teen when he took his place at Wil-liam and Mary Col-lege. Here, his love of books and mu-sic kept him from the wild life led by some of the young men there, and made friends for him among the great men, whose homes were in Wil-liams-town.

He met a great law-yer, George Wythe, and be-gan the stu-dy of law with him when, at the end of two years, he left col-lege. In five years he be-gan the prac-tise of law at his old home in Vir-gin-ia. In two years, so bright and quick was he, and of such a strong, clear mind, that he had 98 cas-es, held a high place in his State, and was a great man.

In 1770, while he and his moth-er were a-way from home, the old house burned down. When news of this came to Jef-fer-son, his first thought was for his books. He said to the slave who had told him : " Did you save any of my books ? " " No, mas-ter," said the slave, " but we have your fid-dle." You see e-ven when he was a great

an he still loved his fid-dle ; but the loss of all his law was ve-ry hard for a bu-sy law-yer, and it took him a mile to get the new books that he must have.



MONTICELLO.

The Home of Thomas Jefferson,

He had be-gun to build a ve-ry large new house at Mon-ti-cel-lo, and so in the lit-tle end of this he now went to live. Two years lat-er, to this home, which was to be-come known all o-ver the world, he brought his bride, Mrs. Mar-tha Skel-ton, a young and ve-ry rich wid-ow. They were

d on New Year's Day, 1772, and came to their home a hard snow-storm that the hors-es could not drag ch through the big drifts, so these two young folks warm coach, and rode the tired hors-es up to the their new home. Jef-fer-son and his wife gave are to Mon-ti-cel-lo, and it was known far and near great beau-ty and for its choice and rare fruits and

t Jef-fer-son was much from home. In 1762 he was Con-gress, and here he at once stood at the head of the wise and great men who were then there. His as so clear and bright that in all the grave things me up he knew at once just what to do, he had the all men.

was a great help in writ-ing the Dec-la-ra-tion of In-ence ; in fact, it may well be said that he wrote it.

on af-ter this great act he left Con-gress and turned
 and to the laws of his own State ; he made them safe
 t for all men, both rich and poor. In 1779 he was m
 y-ern-or of Vir-gin-ia ; and now his work was hard ;
 ly must he find a way to keep the In-di-ans from
 as-es of the white men but the Brit-ish came down to
 uth and laid his fair home in ruins. Not for long y
 . Mon-ti-cel-lo grow in beau-ty once more. But thro
 the dark years of war Jef-fer-son did his work well
 ced back the In-di-an foes, and gave help and aid to
 ate while the War for In-de-pend-ence went on. When
 r was at an end, this strong, just man, with his cl
 se brain, was just the one to stand up for our rights in
 nds a-cross the sea, so he was sent to France at the t
 -ams was in Eng-land. While here he had a bill pas
 which Eng-land said she would look on our land as f
 d this was a big point for us to gain.

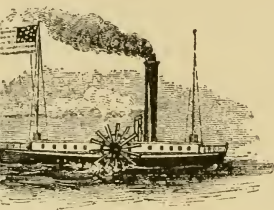
When Jef-fer-son came home he was made Sec-re-t
 State, and in this high of-fice did much good work
 s he who first gave us our own coins to use in place of
 g-lish coins, which, up to that time had been in use b
 w, Al-ex-an-der Ham-il-ton was in charge of the wor
 k-ing the coin, and a great feud came up be-tween
 d Jef-fer-son as to how this should be done. Mer
 urse, took sides in this strife, and so two bands sprang
 ich were known as Re-pub-li-cans and Fed-er-al-ists ;
 y these two bands are known as Re-pub-li-cans
 m-o-crats. Al-ex-an-der Ham-il-ton was killed in a d
 Aaron Burr in Ju-ly, 1804.

In 1801, Jef-fer-son was made Pres-i-dent ; and whil
 s in the chair this land grew strong and great.

Our first steam-boat was built by Rob-ert Ful-ton w

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

er-son was Pres-i-dent ; and it did not look at all like t
t boats of to-day ; it was a heav-y, clum-sy boat, whi
by sails as well as steam.



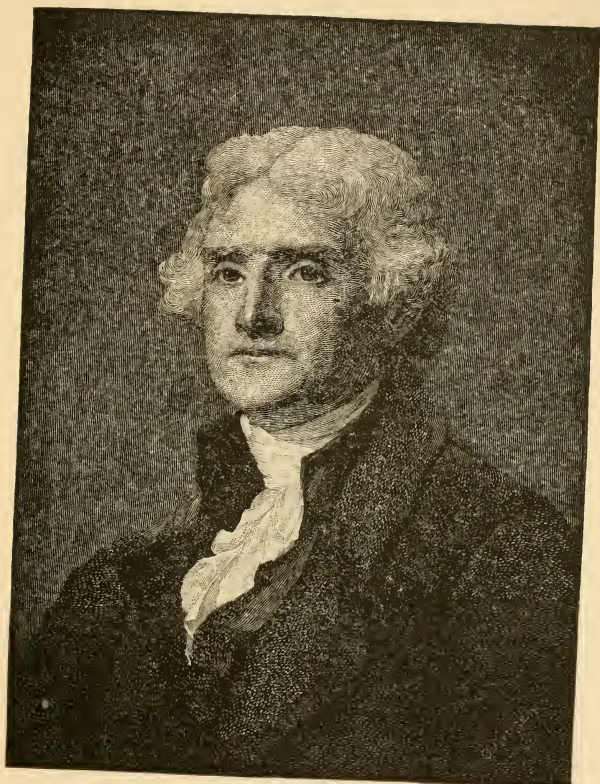
THE CLERMONT.
Ful-ton's first Steam-boat.

Jef-fer-son tried hard to put
end to the slave-trade, which
felt was a great wrong ; he thought
too, that folks should have the
right to serve God in their own
way ; and he held that only men
who could read and write should
vote.

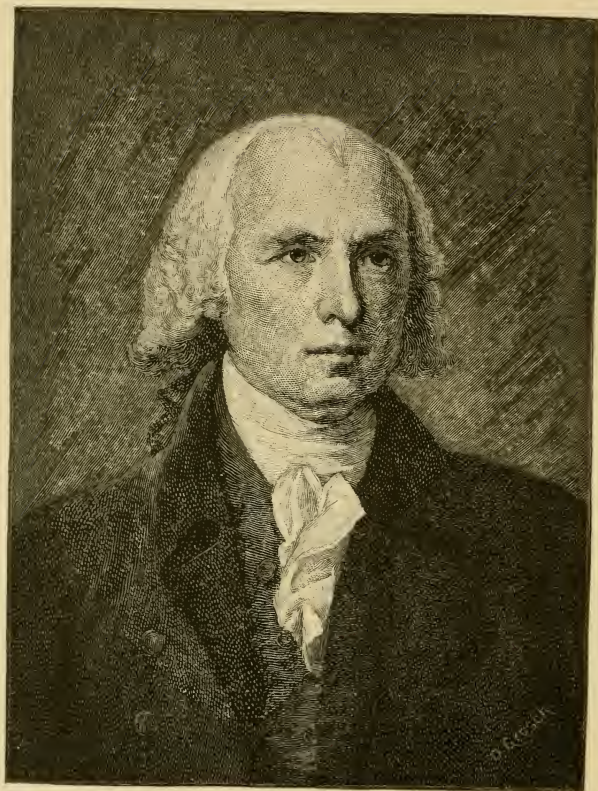
He was a great and a wise man ; books were his de
ds ; and so one of the hard-est things he had to do, af-ter
ent home to Mon-ti-cel-lo, when he left the White House
to sell all his books to Con-gress in order to get mon-ey
e on. To his own home hosts of friends and stran-ge
to see the great man, just as they had when he was
n-ing-ton. But he sold his books so cheap that the
ey did not help him much ; and, at last, it seemed
must sell his dear old home. But now the people f
n he had done so much helped him, and a big fund wa
d, so that he could keep his home and live there
fort un-til his death.

He lived to be a ver-y old man, and e-ven when he wa
eak he could not rise from his bed, his great, stron
was still clear. You know that he died on the 4th
, 1826, just a few hours be-fore the death of his o
d, John Ad-ams.

Next to the name of George Wash-ing-ton, there is n
e a-mong the great men of our land, of which the pe
re so proud, as that of Thom-as Jef-fer-son.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.



JAMES MADISON.

JAMES MAD-I-SON.

IN the home of his grand-fath-er at Port Con-way, Vir-gi-ni-a, was born, in the spring of 1751, the small boy who was to be our fourth Pres-i-dent. He was ver-y young enough, when he went to live at Mon-ti-cel-lo, his fath-er's farm in Vir-gin-i-a, and here he led much the same life as George Wash-ing-ton did when a boy. He was but a small boy when the French and Eng-lish War began, and when Brad-dock lost the day, a great fear of the In-di-ans came to the ver-y door of his home ; and he grew up with the name of George Wash-ing-ton ev-er in his ears, as a great he-ro.

His school days were much like those of Jef-fer-son. He was a young boy when he could read French and Span-ish with ease, and was as well hard at work at Greek and Lat-in. In 1769 he went to Prince-ton Col-lege, and here, as well as when he was at home, Jef-fer-son was a great help to him. An old-er man wrote to the boy in the qui-et old col-lege, about the scenes of war ; he told him much of the Eng-lish troops in the Bos-ton streets, of young John Jay and of Wash-ing-ton. So, when in 1771 he left col-lege, he knew a great deal a-bout the strife of the day, and he had deep, clear thoughts a-bout it. At home he led a qui-et life with his books, un-til 1774, then he was put at the head of a com-pany of men, who were to guard their own town if the Brit-ish troops came there. In this post he showed such a wise and firm mind and did his part so well that in a short time he was put in a high place in his State, and from there in 1775

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

sent to Con-gress. Jef-fer-son was at this time Gov-ernor of Vir-gin-i-a, and the two men were close, warm friends. For twenty five years Mad-i-son was one of the first men in this land. He had no taste for war, but he soon rose to a high place with those who made the laws of the land. One of the great things he did was to help draw up the Constitution of the U-nit-ed States.

In 1794 this grave and quiet man married, as Wash-ington



MRS. DOLLY PAYNE MADISON.

ton and Jef-fer-son had done, a young and love-lorn wid-ow. She was but twenty-two years old, twenty-years younger than he, and her name was Mrs. Dorothy Payne Todd. Later on the folks who grew to love this fair la-dy so well, gave her the name by which we know her to-day—"Dolly Mad-i-son." She was Quaker-ess, and so fair and sweet was she, in her quiet little gown of gray, that once a friend said to her, "Dolly, truly thou must hide thy face, so many will stare at thee."

For one year after his marriage, Mad-i-son lived at Mont-pel-ier; then he went in-to public life, first in his State, and then that, in 1800, as Sec-re-tary of State un-der Jef-fer-son.

JAMES MADISON.

Now, began the gay life at the White House, for which "Dolly" Madison won so much fame. Jefferson's wife was dead, and it was the wife of his friend that helped to entertain the White House guests. Well did this lovely do her part, and in 1808 when, as the wife of the President, she became the real mistress of the White House more than ever did the people love her. To-day, of all the pictures of the Presidents' wives that hang upon the White House walls, none is more lovely than that of the young and pretty "Dolly Madison."

Madison was most of all a man of peace, and yet it was while he was in office that the United States was drawn into the War of 1812. England, then at war with France, said she had the right to search American ships to see if they were carrying aid to France. America would not give this right to England, and so the war began. In 1814 the British came to the city of Washington, and for the only time in American history the President had to leave his home.

Madison, with the Secretary of State and his friends, went to a little inn near Washington, and there they were met by Mrs. Madison, who had stayed as long as she could at the White House to save some things from the hands of the British. She had brought the great Declaration of Independence, and had cut from its big frame the picture of Washington and brought it safely away. When the British troops set fire to the White House, the next day they burned the Capitol, and in fact the whole town. They fled in great haste, though, when they heard that our troops were on the way, and the next day Mrs. Madison put on the dress of a wash-woman, so folks would not know her, and made a start for her home, but the British had set fire to the bridge she had to cross on the way and then she be-

American soldier to row her over the river. He would not do so until she told him who she was, and then he was very glad to take this brave little lady in his boat. Black ashes marked the spot on which the White House once stood, so she had to go to her sister's home, where her husband soon joined her.

The English troops now tried to take Baltimore, but brave men drove them back; and when they tried to make a raid on New Orleans, General Jackson and his troops fought so hard that the foe could not get into the city.

This was the last fight of this war, and peace was signed on December 24th, 1814. From that day England had to leave our ships alone and to treat America as one of the great nations of the world.

In 1817 Madison was not sorry to go back to his old home, and here many happy years were spent, for the family of the White House kept open house in her own way, and guests from far and near were glad to come.

One of Madison's dearest friends was old Thomas Jefferson, who often rode over from his home at Montpelier, which was only thirty miles from Montpelier.

Madison wrote a good deal at this time; and once again he was seen in public life. In 1829 he was at the head of the great change made in all the laws of the whole land. He died after a long sickness at his home in Montpelier on June 28th, 1836.

JAMES MON-ROE.

JAMES MON-ROE was, like Wash-ing-ton, Mad-i-son, Jef-fer-son, born in Vir-gin-i-a. Our first Pres-i-dent was twenty six years old when, in West-more-land County, A-pril 28th, 1758, was born the boy who was to be the fourth Pres-i-dent. His fa-ther, Colo-nel Spense Mon-roe, owned a big farm and was quite rich. Lit-tle James was sent to good schools and did not have to work to earn them, but he did not stay in school. He learned at first to hunt, to skate, to swim; and was good friends with all the boys. Through all the fun and school work came up the talk of war; of the long strife with Eng-land and the fierce battles. It was hard for a brave boy to hear such talk and yet keep on at his books, and though Mon-roe did go to Wil-liam and Mary Col-lege, he did not stay long, for he was called to hear of him in 1775 at the camp near Bos-ton. In 1776 he was at the head of a band of men, and from that time on he was in the thick of the fight. He fought at Brat-tle-burn, Blaine and Har-lem Heights, and was so brave that the great Wash-ing-ton gave him high praise for his work, and made him, when but eight-teen years old, a cap-tain in the army. At the great fight at Tren-ton he got a bad wound and had to rest for some time. In the big fights of the war the brave young man was one of the first in the field; his battles were ev-er high, and he put heart in-to the weak and gave men who looked to him for help in the sad years of the war. In 1780 he be-gan the stud-y of law with his old fa-ther.

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

as Jef-fer-son and soon led the bright men of the

o good a friend of his was Jef-fer-son, that the home
ch Mon-roë took his bride, in 1785, was planned for him
-fer-son, who, so it is said, al-so gave him the nails to
t with.

1794 he was sent to France to look out for A-mer-i
ghts, but he found talk of war there at that time
eople did not want a king an-y long-er, but wished to
e a free land like A-mer-i-ca, with a pres-i-dent at the
and Mad-i-son, who was a Re-pub-li-can, took sides
he Re-pub-li-cans in France. The king did not like
nd so Mad-i-son had to come home at the end of two

ut he met with a wel-come at home, and his own State
him its Gov-ern-or. In 1803 he was once more sen
nce ; this time to buy the State of Lou-is-i-an-a from
rench, and he paid Na-po-le-on for this large State
0,000.

vice Mon-roë was sent to Spain and once to Eng-land
his task was to force Eng-land to stop her search o
-i-can ships. You know he could not do this, for tha
e cause of the War of 1812.

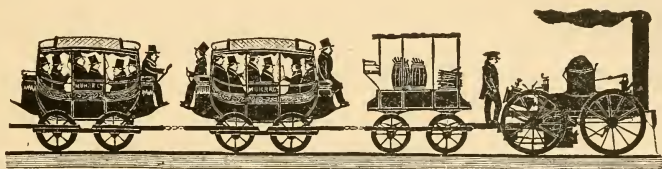
red and sad at heart, he came back home, and wa
o rest for a while in his own home ; but he was of to
use to his coun-try to be i-dle long. Once more, in
e was made Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a.

nen came the War of 1812 ; and it was Mon-roë, now
ta-ry of State, who, at the head of a few men, sav
it-ish land near Wash-ing-ton and sent word to Mad
o leave the cit-y. He al-so act-ed as Sec-re-ta-ry o
t this time, and so well did he do his part that in 1816

JAMES MONROE.

He was named for Pres-i-dent by the Dem-o-crats. He got the most votes and so took the first place in our election.

His first act was to pay off the great debt which the War of 1812 had brought on us. He did this in a very short time; and now our trade grew so great that rail-roads were built; and so our first rail-road was made while Madison was Pres-i-dent.



FIRST RAILROAD TRAIN.

There was a fierce war with the In-di-ans in Flor-ida at this time; but Gen-er-al Jack-son was sent down there and he forced them to lay down their arms and keep peace.

Just at this time, too, we got Flor-i-da from the Span-ish, and gave up Tex-as, after pay-ing a big sum of money to the A-mer-i-cans, who had been robbed of their land.

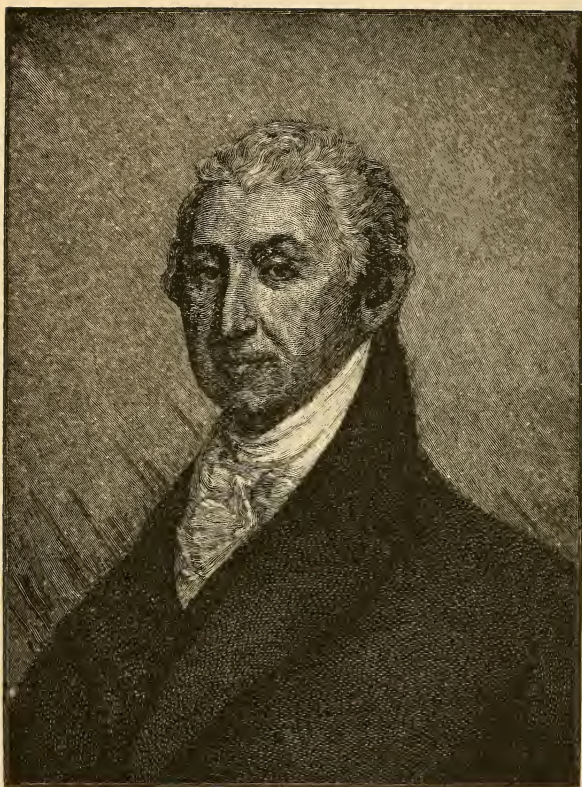
Mis-sou-ri came in-to the Un-ion while Mon-roe was Pres-i-dent, and there was a fierce storm of words. The North said she should not hold slaves after she was a State, and the South said that she should.

At last Con-gress gave way to the South-ern States and made a law that there should be a line drawn through the land, north of which no State should hold slaves.

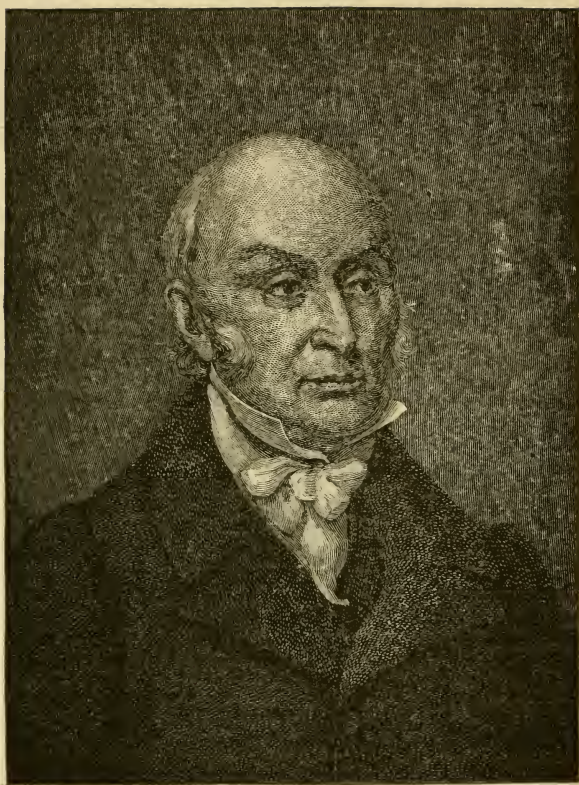
In 1825 Mon-roe was free to go to his home at Oak Hill, Vir-gin-i-a, and here he lived un-til 1830. His wife died in 1835.

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

ear, and then he went to live with his daughter in New York. He died here on the 4th of July, 1831, and his is one that the whole land loves and hon-ors. He was bur-ied in New York, but on the one hun-dredth ver-sa-ry of his birth, his bod-y was tak-en to Rich- Vir-gin-i-a, and a hand-some stone raised o-ver his



JAMES MONROE.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE lit-tle boy who be-came our sixth Pres-i-dent is not at all like that of an-y oth-er of the boys of whom you have read. His fa-ther was John Ad-ams, our second Pres-i-dent, and when, on Ju-ly 11th, 1767, lit-tle John Quincy Ad-ams was born in the old home at Brain-tree, Mass. His great fa-ther was al-read-y speak-ing brave-ly for his coun-try's rights in the cit-y of Bos-ton. In 1772 the fam-i-ly moved to Bos-ton, and lit-tle John, for two years, saw, as the other boys did, the Brit-ish sol-diers in their bright red coats march-ing a-brade in the Bos-ton streets, and heard on all sides talk of war with Eng-land. He saw a lit-tle of real war, too. When he was eight years old, his moth-er took him on a ride up a high hill, called Be-mis Hill, from which he saw the smoke and heard the roar of can-non in that aw-ful battle of Bunk-er Hill. When, in 1776, the Brit-ish left Bos-ton, this lit-tle lad of nine years used to oft-en ride on horse-back in and out of the city to bring home the lat-est news. This was a ride of twen-ty-two miles from the old home at Brain-tree, where Mrs. Ad-ams had gone when her hus-band went to Con-gress, and I think it took a pret-ty brave and strong boy to ride all those long miles a-lone.

When John Ad-ams went to France to try and get help for A-mer-i-ca, he took with him his lit-tle boy, then ten years old. It was a rough, hard trip; for, not on-ly were they met by fierce winds which lashed the waves in-to fu-ry, but they were chased by Brit-ish ships, for Eng-land did not

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Adams to get this help from France. But they found Par-is in safe-ty, and lit-tle John was at once in a French school. He on-ly stayed for a-bout a year and went back home with his fa-ther in the spring. For three months he was with his moth-er, and then re-mem-ber he and some oth-er boys who were placed in his fa-ther's care, all start-ed for France, where they were to be put in a good school.

This trip was hard-er than the oth-er one, for the big ship "Sen-si-ble," sprang a leak, and af-ter some days of dan-ger-ous vi-er-il, they were glad to go to the near-est land, which was En-glain; and now there was a long, hard trip by land to France could be reached. They had sailed on Nov. 1779, and it was not un-til Feb. 5th, 1780, that the party reached Par-is.

For two years now our lit-tle lad was hard at work with his books in Par-is; then his fa-ther was sent to the new lands as A-mer-i-can Min-is-ter, and he took his lit-tle son with him and placed him in a school in Am-ster-dam; from there he went to the U-ni-ver-si-ty at Ley-den, where he remained un-til Ju-ly, 1781.

John was now on-ly four-teen years old; but you see he had been in so ma-n-y lands, that he could speak as the natives did in those strange lands, and this was a rare thing in those days. In 1781 Fran-cis Da-na, then the A-mer-i-can Min-is-ter to Rus-sia, need-ing some one to help him in his work, sent to Ley-den for this young boy. They passed through Ger-ma-n-y on the way to Rus-sia, and here John learned some-thing of an-oth-er new land. Then, after a year in Rus-sia, he left Mr. Da-na and stud-ied for some time in Swe-den. The next spring he went to his fa-ther in En-glain, and then went to Par-is with him, and was

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

sent when the treaty of peace between England and America ended the War of Independence.

For two years more he studied abroad, and then sailed home in May, 1783. He at once entered the junior class at Harvard College and graduated with next to the highest honors in 1787. Then he took up law, as his father had done, and began to practise in Boston. He made few friends; folks did not love him as they loved his father, John Madison or Monroe, but he was always known as a man of great power, and of great learning; knowing so much of other lands, he was just the man to be sent as American Minister to these countries.

In 1794 Washington sent him to Holland, and in 1797 he was sent to Berlin.

When, in 1801, Adams came back home, it was to find many honors waiting for him. He was sent first to the Senate and then to Congress. You see the steps which our Presidents rose to power were much the same in every case. A duty well done in a small place led to something a little higher, and so on to the greatest honor of all—the President's chair.

The State of Massachusetts was very proud of John Quincy Adams; not only was he a great statesman and one of the men whom they all loved, but he was, as was his father, a fine scholar, and a brilliant speaker. In 1809 he went abroad again for his country; this time to Russia, where he had not been since he was a boy of fourteen. In 1815 he was sent to France, but he was here only a few months, when war broke out in France, and all the ministers from other countries were called away; he went to England, and here he had a much more pleasant time than his father had when he went there as the first

ican min-is-ter ; the U-nit-ed States was now known
 g strong coun-try, and no one dared to be rude to her
 -ter. In 1817 his own land felt the need of the great
 who had served her so well a-broad, and he was called
 to be-come Sec-re-tary of State. No man was so well
 for this post as he ; for there were ma-n-y men from
 nds a-cross the sea, now com-ing and go-ing in the
 al of the U-nit-ed States, to talk o-ver great ques-tions
 were new states com-ing in-to the Un-i-on ; and oth-er
 were al-ways try-ing to gain a lit-tle pow-er here ; so
 Quin-cy Ad-ams, who not on-ly was a great schol-ar
 fine law-yer, but al-so knew well so ma-n-y lands be-
 his own, was just the man to help Pres-i-dent Mon-ro
 gh his eight years of work.

He al-so was the man best suit-ed for the Pres-i-dent's
 at the end of Mon-roe's term of of-fice. Not once
 Ad-ams was in Wash-ing-ton work-ing hard, did he
 t his old fa-ther, watch-ing, in his home at Quin-cy, the
 life of his great son. Once ev-er-y year he went to
 i-et old home, and told his fa-ther of the life in Wash-
 n, in which the old-er man had once held so great a

At the age of six-ty-eight, Ad-ams went back to his
 in Quin-cy, but in 1830 once more he was sent to Con-
 and for six-teen years he kept his seat there ; he grew
 d gray serv-ing his na-tive land ; he made bit-ter en-emies
 but ma-n-y warm friends ; he feared no one, and his
 was al-ways for the free-dom of this great land. On
 m-ber 19th, 1846, he had a stroke of par-al-y-sis while
 ng in Bos-ton ; but three months later we saw him
 in Wash-ing-ton, and tak-ing his old seat in Con-gress.
 The gray old man came feeb-ly in-to the hall, ev-er-y man

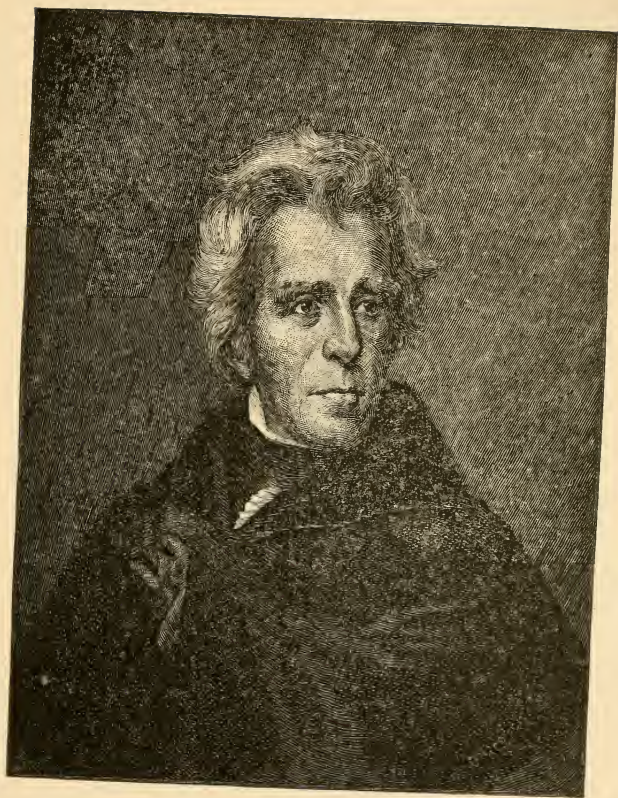
es-ent rose to his feet, and so stood un-til he took his s
e was too weak now to talk, and on-ly once more dic
r to speak his mind on one of the great ques-tions of
y. This was on Feb-ru-a-ry 21st, 1848. He rose to sp
t fell in-to the arms of a man near him ; at once t
ok him in-to a cloak-room, and sent for his wife. For
ys did he lay there, and then, on the morn-ing of Feb
y 23d, his great soul took its flight. His last words w
his is the last of life, and I am con-tent."

AN-DREW JACK-SON.

THE boy who was to be our sev-enth Pres-i-dent did not lead the sort of life, as boy or man, that the oth-er Pres-i-dents did. He was the son of a poor Irish-man who came from Ire-land in 1765. He was born on March 15th in a small place in South Car-o-li-na, called the Wax-haw Set-tle-ments. Poor and mean was the log house in which he first saw the light, and when his fa-ther died it was when An-drew was a wee baby, the life of the home was hard-er yet. His moth-er was a brave wo-man, and so well did she do her hard part in life that she was loved by all who knew her, and was known and near as "Aunt Bet-ty."

Andrew was a great care to her when a boy, for, full of life and fun, he did not care for books, and was at the head of all sorts of wild sport. He was ev-er read-y for a fight with boys who made him an-gry; the small boys looked to him for help in any strife with boys big-ger than they; and strong was he, or read-y to knock a boy down for a re-ason-cied wrong, that they soon found it best to give him his own way, and let him take his place as lead-er a-mong the boys; when he was at the head all went well.

He was just nine years old when the Dec-la-ration of In-depend-ence was signed, and then came four years of war with Eng-land. In 1780 this war was car-ried into the South, and on May 29th a number of Brit-ish sol-diers un-der Gen-eral Tarle-ton killed and wounded over 200 of the men and boys from the Wax-haw set-tle-ments. A-mong those who



ANDREW JACKSON.

helped to care for the hurt and dying men were Mrs. Jackson and her boys. Andrew was only fourteen when he fell into the hands of the British, and he, with over one hundred sick and dying men, was kept for days in a dirt-hole with no beds, little to eat and only stale water to drink. To make things worse, small-pox broke out and Andrew was one of those who had it. His brave mother was almost able to free him, and it was owing to her loving care that he did not die at this awful time.

After he was well enough to be left, his mother was very sorry for the poor American soldiers, went to Charleston to take care of those who were sick and wounded here. Just as she had begun her noble work she became sick and died.

Soon after her death came the good news of peace. Now young Andrew began to pay some heed to his books with the hope of studying law. He also taught school a while, though he could not have been a very good teacher, for he never learned how to spell very well himself. Still, in 1787, we find he has learned enough to take up the practice of law, and he began this work in Nashville, Tennessee; and now we see the boy who had been the leader in boyish sports, games and fights, become at once a leader among men. He was tall and quite good looking, with bright blue eyes and red-dish hair, and he was full of fun and life; he rode horse-back well, and knew how to shoot straight; and above all he was a brave man, afraid of nothing.

In 1788 he was given a place in which he had to defend for the State all men who had done wrong and it needed him in those wild days and in that new land, a brave man to do such a work, for he would make many foes, both at

white men and the In-di-ans. His work took him Nash-ville to Jones-bor-ough, and here the In-di-ans were very strong and ver-y cru-el, kill-ing and rob-bing the men and wo-men, and e-ven the lit-tle ba-bies in their mothers' arms. Hear-ing and see-ing day by day more and more of this sav-age war-fare, al-ways in dan-ger of be-ing at-acked by night or day by some In-di-an hid-ing be-hind a bush or in a house, Jack-son learned to know the In-di-ans and to out-wit them ab-its better than most men did, so was read-y to meet them in their own way in a few years.

He made his home in Nash-ville and built up a good practice. He grew in pow-er so fast that in 1797 he went out as the first man from Ten-nes-see to Con-gress. He went at all the way from his home to Phil-a-del-phi-a, a dis-tance of 800 miles, on horse-back. In 1798 we see him at home as Judge of the Su-preme Court, and here he remained un-til 1804. Then came four-teen years of peace and a hap-py home life for him. A-mong the things which Jack-son did at this time was to build a log store in which he kept all sorts of things which the white men and the In-di-ans want-ed. His home, which was called "The Her-mit-age," was a fine house for many days, and in later years it grew as well known as Ken-non and Mon-ti-cel-lo. Jack-son was all through-out a man who would stand up for his own way, if it came to a strife with his best friend, and more than once he was forced to du-els to the death. In Con-gress he would, when he had to speak, some-times choke with blind rage if he could not make his point and force men to yield to him.

After years of peace came the War of 1812, and from that time our Jack-son's name was first in the minds of men. He showed great skill in his fights with the red men, and

won much fame in a fierce fight with the Creeks, a tribe of In-di-ans in Al-a-ba-ma.

He could force men to do as he said ; the young men of that day looked up-on him with awe and fear, but rushed to fill his ranks and serve un-der him.

In 1815 he won the day at New Or-le-ans, and put the British troops to flight with great loss of life. At the close of the war, back home went Jack-son for the rest of his life. He stood in sore need ; but, in 1818, strife with the Seminole In-di-ans in Flor-i-da came up, and Jack-son was sent there.

At this time Spain owned Flor-i-da, and it was both Spanish troops and In-di-an foes that Jack-son had to meet, before he was on his way, and at last made Spain yield her rights in Flor-i-da and sign a peace. In 1823 she sold Flor-i-da to us for \$5,000,000 ; not such a great sum when we think what a rich and great place this " Land of Flow-ers " is. Jack-son was now put at the head of things in Flor-i-da, and his hardest part of his work was to keep peace in the country with the tribe of Sem-i-nole In-di-ans. With their chief Os-ce-o-la for their head they would creep out from the woods and swamps of Flor-i-da, rush on the homes of the white people and burn them to the ground, and then dash back to the woods, where they could safe-ly hide. At the end of a few years Jack-son was glad to go home to the Her-mi-tage where he and his wife led a qui-et life and kept up many of the ways of their young days, though now they were old. Each. Af-ter din-ner, they would sit, one on each side of a great big wood fire, in the large hall, and smoke their pipes, with the long stems, just as they had in their boy-hood of long a-go. But the great gen-er-al could not keep this quiet life long ; in 1823 he was sent to Con-gress ;

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

e met with high hon-or. On New Year's Day, 1824, great men of the day gave him the pock-et tele-scope Washington had owned ; a year from the day on the Bat-tle of New Or-le-ans was fought, John Quincy gave him a great feast, at which were men, who high rank here and in oth-er lands ; and on the day he was fif-ty-sev-en years old, Pres-i-dent Mon-roe gave him a gold badge for his brave acts in his fights for his country. In 1828 this rough, but brave and kind, old man made pres-i-dent ; and now he stood up for his own right as he had in the wars of his land, and when he was but a boy. His first act was to stop some states in the South from leav-ing the Un-ion. John C. Cal-houn was at the head of a band of men, who felt that the North had more rights than the South ; had more than its share of slaves and land ; so rose the wish to set up a rule just for the South. "But," said Jack-son, "if one state goes out of the Union its will ; and our great land will be a ru-in." So he carried out this plan, just in time.

During all the years that Jack-son was pres-i-dent, our great country gained in strength ; new rail-roads were built ; and new steam-boats ; the land grew rich year by year.

In 1824 the slaves in Mex-i-co were set free, and Tex-as was added to the Un-ion.

On the whole, Jack-son's term was a good one for the country, and so well did the peo-ple like him, that he is the most popular pres-i-dent of whom it has been said that he was more liked when he went out of of-fice than when he was in.

The last years of his life were spent at "The Her-mit," where he died on June 8th, 1845.

THE LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BU-REN.

THE place in which Mar-tin Van Bu-ren was born was far from the homes of the oth-er boys who be-came pres-i-dents ; and his life, as a boy, was not one bit like th- is fa-ther and moth-er were Dutch ; Hoes was his moth- er name ; and the name of the small town, in which he was born, was Dutch too—Kin-der-hook ; the lit-tle town was on the Hud-son Riv-er, was in New York state. His fa-ther kept a good inn, and a small farm ; so he could send Mar-tin to good sch-ool. Mar-tin was so quick and bright at his books that he took the study of law when he was four-teen ; and at twen-ty he was a law-yer and at work in Kin-der-hook. He was a man who made friends with great ease ; and as a good law-yer as well, his state soon saw that he was the man to speak for it at Wash-ing-ton. So in 1820 he was sent to Con-gress ; then in 1828 he was made gov-ernor of New York state ; and this was a big step toward the pres-i-dent's chair ; he was sec-re-tary of state when Jack-son was pres-i-dent ; and in 1837 he took the oath of office and be-came pres-i-dent.

He was in of-fice on-ly one term ; and those four years were hard ones for him.

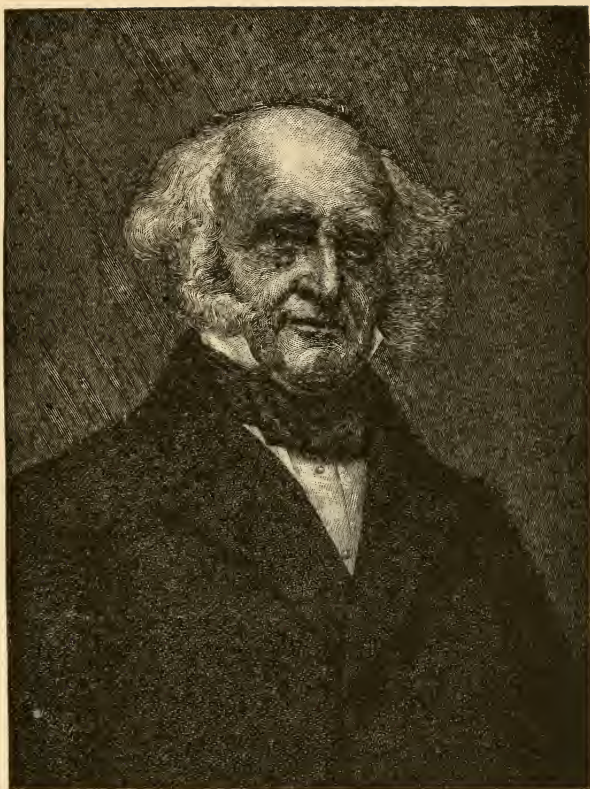
Just at this time the men in Can-a-da tried to be- come free from Eng-land, and have home-rule ; and some of our men took sides with them ; this made Eng-land an-gry of course, and if Van Bu-ren had not put a stop to such things

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

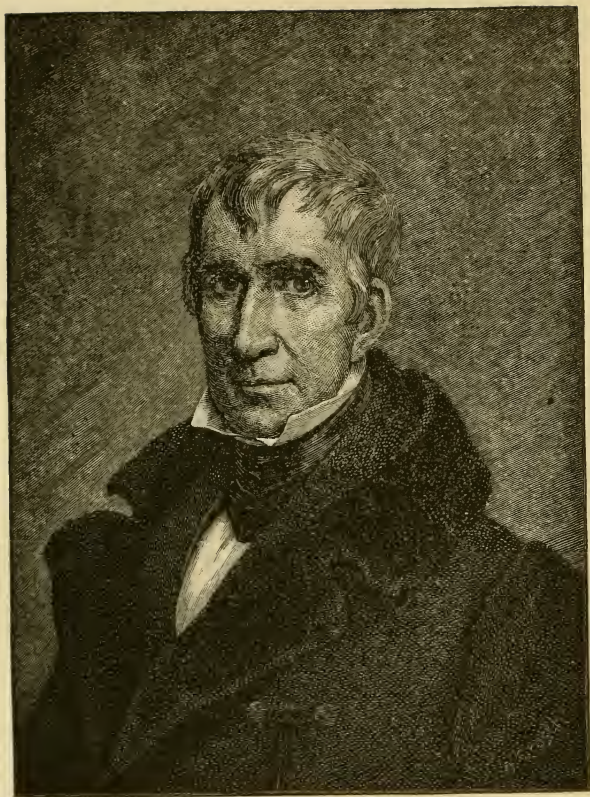
l have had war once more ; but he said all who tried
e aid to Can-a-da should be sent to jail ; and so the
f war was put down.

t the end of Van Bu-ren's first term some want-ed
o take the chair a-gain ; but more want-ed Gen-er-a
-son, who had made a great name in the In-di-an wars
Bu-ren was rich, and Har-ri-son was poor ; and this
or the pres-i-dent's chair was called the "Log Cab-in
st the White House." Af-ter Har-ri-son took the chair
Bu-ren went back to his home at Kin-der-hook, where
ed in qui-et, until, in 1848, he was once more put up
es-i-dent ; but James K. Polk had more votes than he
e won the e-lec-tion.

853 Van Bu-ren and his son went to Eu-rope, where
tayed two years. He spent the rest of his life at his
me, where he died on Ju-ly 24th, 1862.



MARTIN VAN BUREN.



WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

WIL-LIAM HEN-RY HAR-RISON.

WIL-LIAM HEN-RY HAR-RISON was born in Berke-ly, in-i-a, on Feb-ru-a-ry 9th, 1773; his fath-er, Ben-ja Har-rison, was not a rich man, but lived at ease on a s arm; he was a man of much force in his state, and t one time its gov-ern-or. He was a brave, strong nd taught his small son to be like him; now while Vil-liam was hard at work at school, he heard much f the In-di-an wars; and his heart was full of long-i ght these cru-el foes of the white men.

So, though he went to Hamp-den Syd-ney Col-lege, h ot stay long, but left to join the ar-my. He was s rave fight-er that, when he was twen-ty-one, Wash-in ut him in charge of the troops at Fort Wash-ing-ton he place where the In-di-ans were strong-est and ru-el.

Ma-jor Gen-er-al Wayne was at the head of the a nd so rash and fear-less was he, that his troops called Mad An-tho-ny." He knew well how to fight the red hough, and in 1794 beat them in a fierce fight, on the where the cit-y of De-troit now stands. So brave ounting Har-rison at this time, that he was made a cap or six years Har-rison was in the heat of the In vairs; and learned all the sav-age ways of war; the vent home to rest, but was soon sent to Congress. So id he do his work here, that In-di-an-a now chose hi gov-ern-or; and here he was so much liked that he ke

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

three terms ; the hard-est task that he had to do while Governor was to keep peace with the In-di-ans ; and since he lived with his name, stands that of a great and good man, the chief Te-cum-seh ; for years these two men tried to live in peace with the In-di-ans and teach them to live in peace ; but the hate of the red men for the whites who were forcing them from their lands, ended in a great fight at Tippecanoe, where the In-di-ans lost the battle. So brave had Harrison been in this fight, that he was made a general in the War of 1812 was put at the head of the army. At the close of the war, the brave old In-dian fighter went back to his farm at South Bend, In-dian-a, in the then State of O-hi-o ; but he was too great a man to live a quiet life, and was sent to Congress twice and once abroad in the country's service. Then in 1836, he ran for President, but did not get the most votes ; four years later he was elected once more, and he and John Tyler won by a big majority. It was in this race for President, that the song was written, whose chorus you hear to-day : "Tip-pe-ca-noe and me, too."

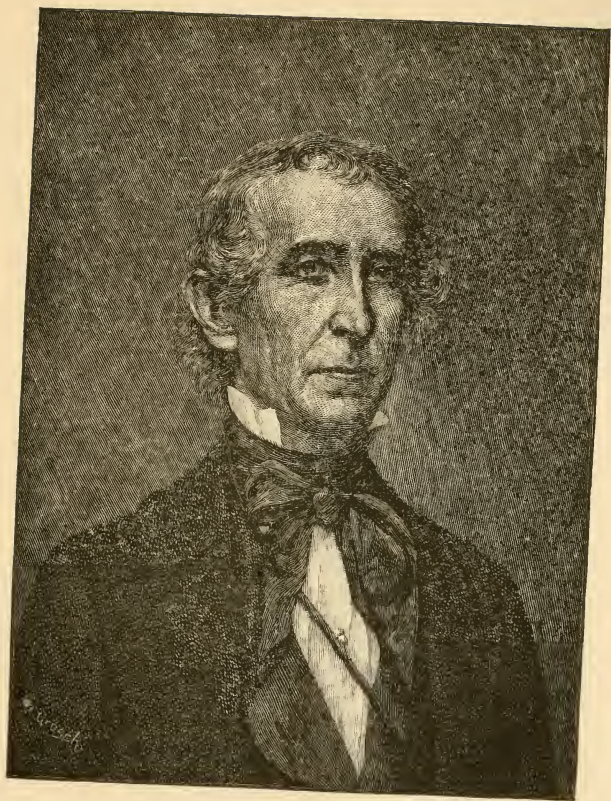
On the 4th of March, 1841, William Henry Harrison, the brave In-dian fighter, now sixty-eight years old, came to the end of his years of quiet home life, to take up the cares and duties of a president's life, but the task was too much for him, and a month after-ward, on April 4th, 1841, the old man died.

JOHN TYLER.

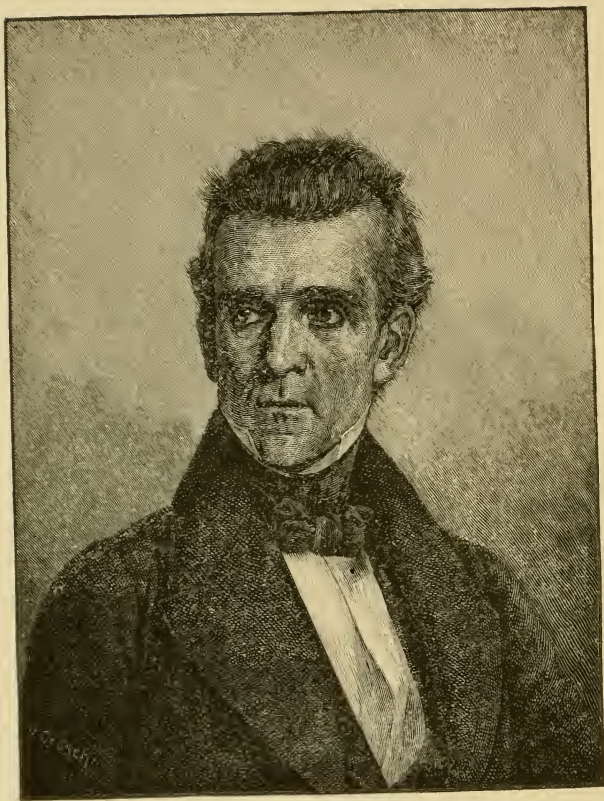
As a boy, the life of John Ty-ler was much the same as that of the boys of to-day. He was born on March 29, 1790, in Charles Cit-y, Vir-gin-i-a, at a time when the v-land was at peace. No talk of the red men came to the young ears; and no fear fell like a dark cloud over the work and play of his boy-hood. He was the son of a man who had for friends the great men of his day;—Wash-ing-ton and Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son were warm, close friends of John Ty-ler; and he was at one time Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a. Young John was sent to school when he was a small boy; and, though he was fond of sports and games, he kept hard at work at his books and won a high place in school. He was a mere boy when he could en-ter Wil-iam and Ma-ry Col-lege; and he left in 1806 at the head of his class. He at once took up law with his fa-ther, and showed the good stuff of which he was made. Clear and quick was his mind, swift to think and feel; and his work came as fast as his thoughts. He rose with great, quick strides towards the first place in the land. In 1825 he was made Gov-ern-or of Vir-gin-i-a; and in 1827, was sent to Congress, where he kept his seat for six years; these were years of strife as to the slave trade, and there were fierce, bitter words and harsh thoughts between the men of the North and those of the South. Ty-ler was at home for a few years after he left Con-gress, and took a high place as a law-yer. In 1836 he was put up with Har-ri-son in the race for the pre-

tyler's chair. But it was not till 1840 that he won the
 e; then, as the vice-pres-i-dent had not a great deal
 tyler went home to Wil-liams-burg. It was here th
 ad news of Har-ri-son's death was brought to him, and
 once went on to Wash-ing-ton. Here he found he ha
 ed task; for he and his Con-gress did not think t
 e on the great ques-tions of the day and were ev-er
 e. One of his first acts was to put down a state war
 ou-ri. A Mor-mon, by the name of Smith, and a ban
 en who thought as he did went down there to live; fol
 e did not like this and tried to drive them out of th
 , but this was a hard thing to do, for there were a-bo
 0 Mor-mons. At last, Ty-ler sent troops there to p
 n the strife, and the Mor-mons were sent to Il-li-no
 t were here but a short time when the same old stri
 e, and then they fled to the lands in the far west—whe
 are to-day, in the state of Utah. War broke out
 as while Ty-ler was in the chair, and af-ter fierce figh
 reen the Tex-ans and Mex-i-cans the Tex-ans won, and
 at the head of the state. They asked at once to con
 the Un-ion, and in 1845 this great state came in. In th
 year of Ty-ler's rule Sam-u-el F. B. Morse found out ho
 nd words in just a flash of time through miles and mil
 ace; and you chil-dren know well that the fine wi
 ched from one great pole to the next on which th
 k news was sent was called the "tel-e-graph."

At the end of Ty-ler's first term, James Knox Polk ha
 most votes, and so took the pres-i-dent's chair; and th
 s was the first that was sent o-ver the tel-e-graph wire



JOHN TYLER.



JAMES K. POLK.

JAMES KNOX POLK.

As a boy James Knox Polk led a life that would be a good many of the boys of to-day. He was born in Warrenburg County, North Carolina, on November 2d, 1806 his father went to Duck Farm, Tennessee. Little James, eleven years old, was of much help in the new home. Where the day's work took the big, strong father, there went the small son ; if there was a long run to get food or clothes from some big town, little James would help care for the horses and when his father and the men, for weeks at a time, were in the great, wild woods hunting, making new roads, or helping each other to build the log cabins, which were the homes of the early settlers, James would be there too, cooking and keeping the camp neat and bright for the men who came back tired and hungry at night.

So years passed by with much work in the open field and little of study or books ; but when James was sixteen years old it was time that he should earn money.

He was not a big, strong boy ; he could not stand much hard work on a farm ; he did not love to hunt ; he had no taste for war ; so he was put in a small store, that he might learn to manage a big store when he grew old.

Here he first saw some books, and his love for knowledge awoke ; for weeks and months he worked alone with a book or paper he could find.

At last his father took him from the store and

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

to school ; he was now eight-teen, but he was so quick
n, so bright and smart, that five years from this time
the U-ni-ver-si-ty of North Car-o-li-na at the head of
SS.

Then he came back to Duck Riv-er, not on-ly was his
proud of his boy, but all Ten-nes-see knew that he
le of the bright-est young men in the state.

ow, just at this time, Gen-er-al Jack-son was fight-
brave-ly a-gainst the In-di-ans and all the boys of
es-see were as proud of this great he-ro as the boys of
n-i-a had been of Wash-ing-ton. In 1819, when young
Polk went to Nash-ville, Ten-nes-see, to take up law
s near Jack-son's home ; and he and the great Gen-
be-came fast friends. It was ow-ing to Jack-son's
nat, in 1824, Polk, then a bright young law-yer, took
st pub-lic step and was sent to the state leg-is-la-ture
e a-rose so fast in the love and trust of his state that
s sent to Con-gress when on-ly thir-ty years old ; and
he stayed for thir-teen years.

1840 he went back to his home at Grun-dy's Hill in
ville, hav-ing made a great name in Wash-ing-ton
ce did he lose his hold on the great ques-tions of the
even while here at home ; and in 1845 he was chos-en
dent of the U-nit-ed States.

While he was in of-fice, once more the U-nit-ed States
t war, and this war is known as the " Mex-i-can War."
ase was this :—

ur peo-ple in Mex-i-co said that a big tract of land down
was theirs ; the Mex-i-cans laid claim to it too ; so
e-al Tay-lor went down to see that our rights were
d af-ter.

a the first fight he won, and lost but nine men ; ther

he laid siege to their great cit-y of Mon-te-rey, and a hard fight took the town.

That same year Gen-er-al Scott took the cit-y of Cruz ; on Sep-tem-ber 14th, 1847, the A-mer-i-can troops took the cit-y of Mex-i-co, and the long war was at an end.

In 1848 came the news of great gold mines in California ; and men went in such num-bers to this state that the "Gold Fe-ver of 1849" is a well known term to-day.

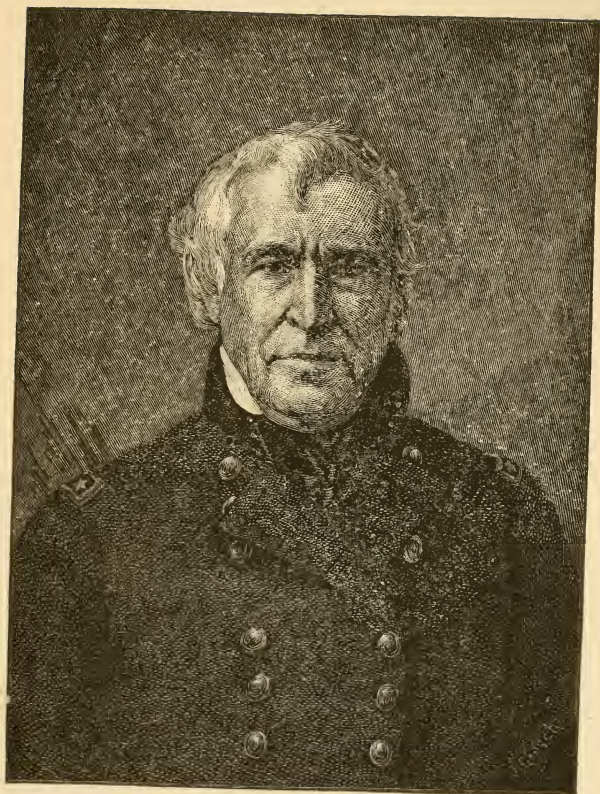
While Polk was in the chair, three new states were admitted ; and two of them were free states ; that is, no slaves could be kept there ; just at this time some men formed a band, and said that no slaves should be kept in any state which the U-nit-ed States should gain.

In 1849 Polk went home to Nash-ville, Ten-nes-ssee ; he was on-ly fif-ty-eight years old ; but was so worn out by years of work that he lived but a few months after he got home ; he died on the 15th of June, in the same year.

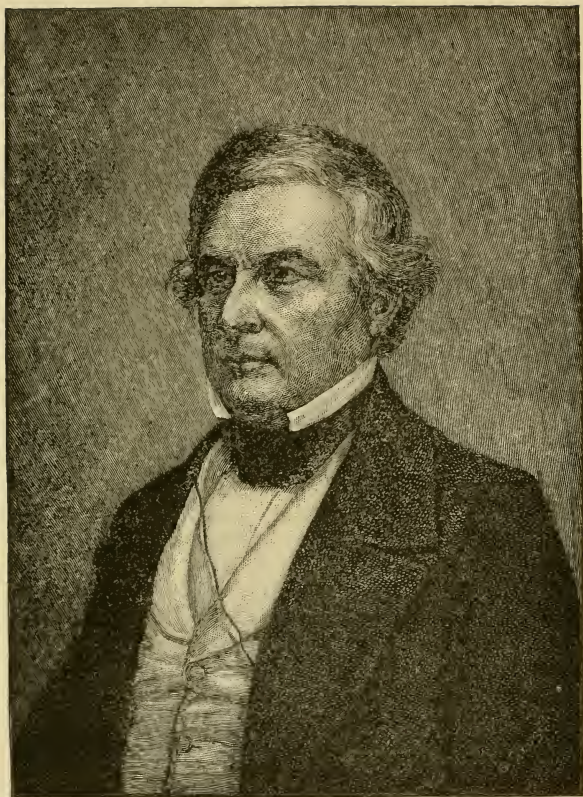
ZACH-A-RY TAY-LOR.

ZACH-A-RY TAY-LOR was born in Vir-gin-i-a, on No-vem-ber, 1784 ; but when he was a small boy his fa-ther moved to live in Ken-tuck-y ; and long af-ter the rest of the world was at peace this state was the scene of such fierce wars with the In-di-ans that it was known as “ The dark and bloody ground.” It is not strange that this boy, who grew up at a time when wo-men as well as men had to know how to load and fire guns, so that they could help to keep the white men from their homes, should have grown up to be a brave, strong man.

As a boy he went to good schools, but cared far more for the tales of war which his brave fa-ther told him than for his books ; he did love books which told of great battles and brave men, and read all that he could get. When he was just of age he went to war, in place of a friend, and he was so brave and fear-less that he soon took a high place. He was in the great fight of Tip-pe-ca-noe ; and although the War of 1812 he showed great skill in his fights with the red men ;—well he knew all their tricks and modes of war. He gained great fame in Flor-i-da, when he was sent there to make the Sem-i-nole In-di-ans keep the peace. Years had this tribe of In-di-ans made war on the white men. Their chief, Os-ce-o-la, had, years a-go, gone to one of the forts with his wife, who was a slave girl ; he had been taken by the Indians, and she held at the fort. In his rage, he had vowed to lead his men in war, when he could get to them. At last his chance had come, and he had fled by night from



ZACHARY TAYLOR.



MILLARD FILLMORE.

the fort. To rouse his tribe and hurl them at the w was his first thought ; and long and cru-el were the hat went on for years. At last Tay-lor was sent to -da ; and now a trick was played on this great chief In-di-ans ; with a flag of truce, he came to the fort t with the gen-er-al ; and by the or-ders of the gen-er- was held there a pris-on-er ; he was sent, at last, to Moul-trie in Charles-ton har-bor, and there, in the year he died. With their chief dead, the Sem-i-nole In-di-a no heart for war ; and soon the few red men left o great, fierce tribe were put far a-way from each oth new states, and there was peace in Flor-i-da.

Gen-er-al Tay-lor won great fame in the Mex-i-can n 1847 he won the fight of Bu-e-na Vis-ta, which took on Wash-ing-ton's birth-day ; and he won too the fig Palo Al-to and Mon-te-rey. On Sep-tem-ber 24th, 184 troops took the cit-y of Mex-i-co, and the war was bro o an end. As Tay-lor went home to Ba-ton Rouge, h with praise, at each place he passed ; folks came in cr o see the great he-ro ; cheers filled the air ; flags were r and guns were fired ; he was the i-dol of the land. His oo were fcmd of him, for all through the war he had kind and good to them, and shared their hard life. H uch a he-ro to the whole land, that it is not strange he was named for the next pres-i-dent, and got the otes. He took the chair of state in 1849, but the brav man came in just at the time when the strife a-bout s was at its height ; and the cares of the of-fice were too r or him, as they had been for Har-rison. On Ju-ly 1850, there was a great time in Wash-ing-ton, in whic ook part ; but his health was too weak to stand this st and in the midst of his work, on Ju-ly 9th, 1850, the l old In-di-an fight-er died.

MIL-LARD FILL-MORE.

In a log ca-bin way out in the western part of New
 State, deep in the dense, wild woods, was born, on
 January 7th, 1800, the boy who was to be the thir-teenth
 President of the U-nit-ed States. His father had gone
 from Ver-mont, to get a-way from the In-di-ans, where
 no peace in his old home; and no house stood near-er
 than four miles to the lit-tle home he had built in the wild
 land; there was no school; and if there had been
 Mil-lard had not much time to go; for he was very
 young, when he was taught to earn mon-ey and help in the
 home. He learned how to make cloth from the soft
 wool; and was hard at work, in this way, till he was
 seven years old; then a love of books came to him; and
 a lawyer took note of him and gave him such aid that he
 took a high place in the law-studies. When he was
 twenty-two, he went to Buf-fa-lo, and taught school, to
 pay his way, as he went on with the stud-y of law.
 He was bright and quick, and, in 1823, he be-gan to prac-tise
 and soon rose to such a high place in the state bar that
 the state sent him to Con-gress. Here his work was done
 well that he was made vice-pres-i-dent, when Tay-lor
 left the pres-i-dent's seat; and on his death be-came pre-

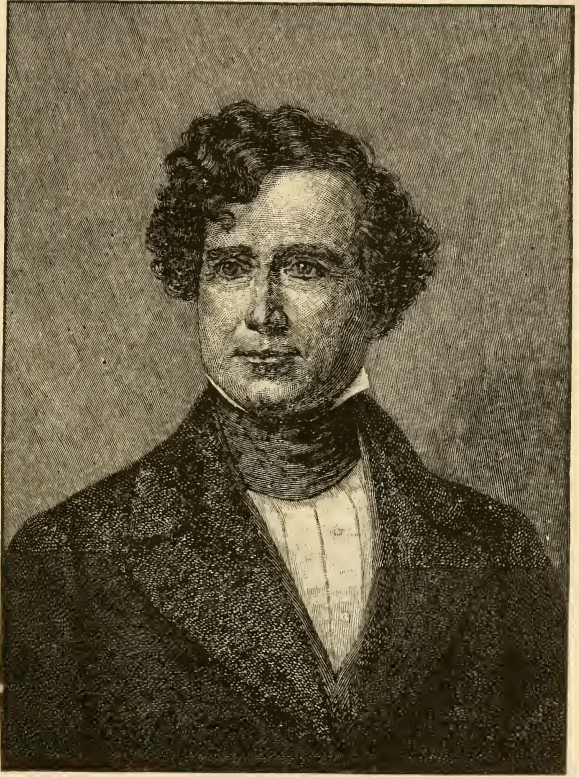
While he was in the chair one of his aids was the great
 Daniel Web-ster, who looked after the laws of all the
 states. He had been in of-fice but a short time, when

MILLARD FILLMORE.

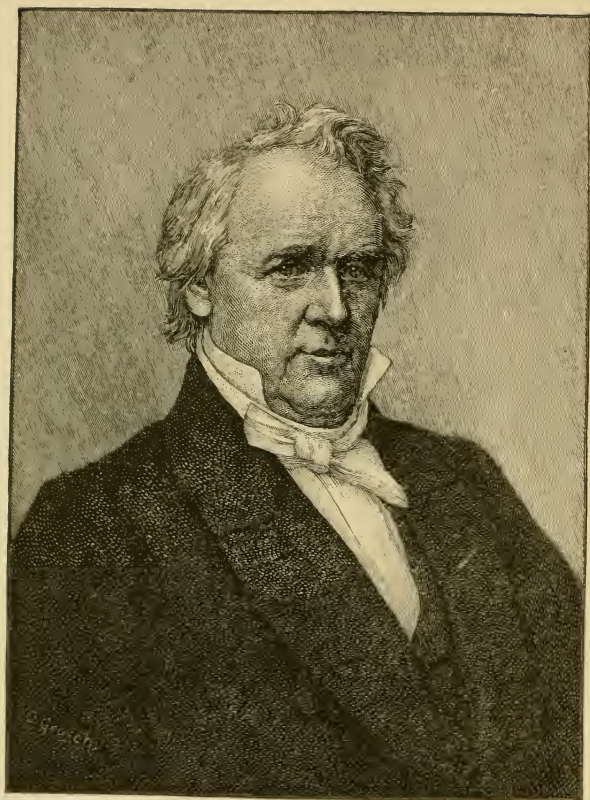
and of men tried to get Cu-ba from Spain ; but they soon put down. He was in of-ice one term, and then came to Buf-fa-lo, and took up the prac-tice of law and in 1855 he went to Eu-rope, where he stayed for one year. He then came home to lead a qui-et life, full of study. His death on March 8th, 1874.

FRANK-LIN PIERCE.

A BRAVE sol-dier in the War of the Rev-o-lution was Ja-min Pierce, the fa-ther of the boy who was to be our fourteenth pres-i-dent; and it was in the old town of Hills-bor-ough, New Hamp-shire, that, on No-vem-ber 22d, 1803, Frank-lin Pierce was born. The fa-ther was a big strong man, fond of sports and fun of all kinds and much liked; he was the chief man in Hills-bor-ough, and was some time gov-ern-or of his state. In such a home it is not to see that the life of lit-tle Frank-lin would be full of work and play as well. He was sent to good schools, and was just six-teen when he went to Bow-do-in Col-lege. He was full of fun, and at once took the lead in the col-lege sports; but he worked hard at his books too; in 1824 he graduated, and took up the stud-y of law, and soon became a member of the bar. He was now at his old home in Hills-bor-ough, and folks felt that he was a man of brains and great energy; he was sent to Con-gress, and held high of-fice in the Senate while he was still a young man; and in the Mex-i-can war he showed him-self as brave a man as his fa-ther had been. At last, in 1853, he was made pres-i-dent. At that time the strife as to the slave trade was at its height; the free states wished to have slaves, while some held that they should not. At last Con-gress made a law that all new states should do as they pleased. The first "World's Fair" was



FRANKLIN PIERCE.



JAMES BUCHANAN.

held in New York, just at this time, in a great hall made of glass, which was known as "The Crystal Palace."

Pierce was in office one term ; at the end of that he went back home to Concord, Massachusetts, where he lived a quiet life until his death, on October 8th, 1869.

JAMES BU-CHAN-AN.

A STRONG, brave, young man from Ire-land was the
 er of our fif-teenth pres-i-dent. He had come here
 and bought a small farm in Penn-syl-va-ni-a; so we
 e do that he soon bought a store as well; and whe
 pril 23d, 1791, at Cove Gap, lit-tle James was born, h
 er was quite a rich man. He sent his son to the be
 ls and he was just six-teen years old when he went
 in-son col-lege. Here he took first place with ease. I
 when he left col-lege, he be-gan the stud-y of law. I
 War of 1812 he served in the ar-my; and at the close
 ar his state chose him to help make her laws. E
 a young man when his state sent him to Wash-ing-to
 e he held his place in Con-gress for ten years. In 183
 as sent to Rus-sia to look out for our rights there; and
 53 he held the same post in Eng-land. You see, he ro
 o the first place in the land, for in 1857 he was made
 -dent. While he was in the chair of state, the Prin
 ales came here for the first time, and this shows tha
 and felt we were now one of the big coun-tries of th
 l, and that she must treat us as such.
 t was while Bu-chan-an was pres-i-dent that Cy-rus V
 laid the first wire un-der the O-cean, by which word
 be sent from this new land to those old lands on th
 r side. The talk a-bout slav-er-y was so fierce at th
 that a fight in which brave lives were lost took plac
 the name which shines out bright is that of Joh

Brown of Kan-sas. He was a friend of the black men took their part. He struck the first blow in their cause at Har-per's Fer-ry, which he held for two days. He took all the guns that were there, as he wished to arm the black men and then lead them to the South to fight for their friends, held there as slaves. Of course this was against the law of the land, and troops were sent to seize this brave and good man. His two sons fought with him, and he killed them both shot down, but he did not give up till in the middle of the fight he fell with six wounds. He did not die at once; after this he was hung as one who had fought against the law of his land. His last act, as he was carried away to the place where he was to be hung, was to kiss a little ba-by which a poor slave held up to him as he passed.

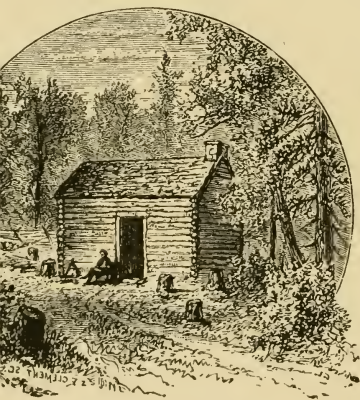
His death was not in vain, for from now on the question of sla-ver-y was the talk of the whole land, and in South Car-o-li-na took the lead and said that she would obey the laws of the Un-ion, but would rule her land in her own way. Soon, six more South-ern states said the same and these states which cut loose from the North were called the "Con-fed-er-a-cy;" at the head as pres-i-dent was Jeffer-son Da-vis.

This was the state of things when Bu-chan-an left his chair, and went to his home in Penn-syl-va-ni-a, at a place called Wheat-land.

In the last year of his life he wrote a book of his life which is still in print. He died at his home on June 30, 1868. He was the last of the "Peace" pres-i-dents, before A-bra-ham Lin-coln who took his place, and in his time the strife as to the slave trade led to our "Civ-il War."

A-BRA-HAM LIN-COLN.

THOM-AS LIN-COLN, who was the fa-ther of A-bra-ha-
coln, had seen a sad sight when he was but a boy
t years ; while he and his brothers were hard at wo
their fa-ther in the dense, wild woods which gre
e to their small home in Ken-tuck-y, an In-di-an ch
t close to them ; he fired one shot, and the boys saw the
strong fa-ther fall dead. They were brave boys, a
e one ran for help, the oth-ers kept at bay the In-di-a
came from the woods. A band of men soon came
e aid, and drove the fierce red men back to the wood
as a rough, hard life in which Thom-as Lin-coln gre

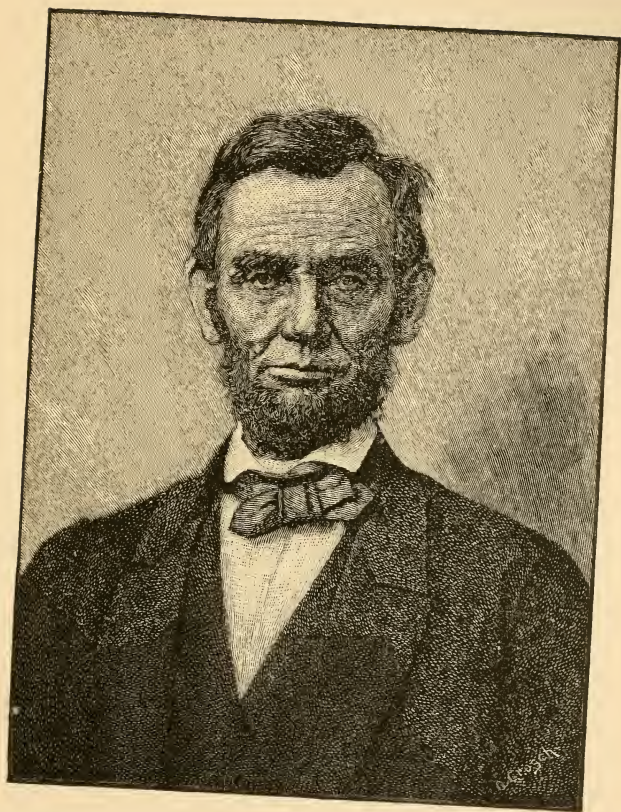


LINCOLN'S EARLY HOME.

up ; and he could not read
write when, at twen-ty yea
he took as his wife Miss Na
cy Hanks ; she was a brig
girl and soon taught him
least to write his name.

It was a poor log-house
Har-din Coun-ty, Ken-tuck
to which he took his brid
and yet in this home so me
and small, was born, on Fe
ru-a-ry 12th, 1809, the boy w
was to be pres-i-dent of th

t land. Few boys and girls know what it is to
poor as this lit-tle boy was, or to lead as hard a
a life. His clothes were thin and poor, his sho



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

when he had an-y, were oft-en full of holes ; he not al-ways have as much as he would like to eat in the long, hard win-ters he was oft-en ver-y cold. It was not an eas-y life, and it was full of hard work. The peo-ple in this rough place could not read and there were no schools ; but when he was still a young boy his folks moved to In-di-an-a, and though there was more work to be done, life was not quite so sad, for he and his sister Nan-cy had a play-mate, their cous-in, Den-nis Hanks, who was full of life and fun. " Abe," as folks called him, was but seven years old when his par-ents went out into the West to find a new home, but he was so strong that he could help chop down the trees of which the new home was made ; then, he learned how to shoot the game and wild fowl in the woods, and so could bring good things in-to the house. But a dark time came in his life soon, for the kind moth-er took sick and died. Her death was a great grief to " Abe," and he felt much grief that there was no one to say a pray-er at her grave ; so he wrote to the min-is-ter at the old home in Ken-tuck-y, and asked him if he would not come there and bless his moth-er's grave. This good man came as soon as he could, but it was a long while af-ter he had be-fore " Abe " had his wish. That win-ter was long and hard for the poor lit-tle boy and girl with no moth-er to tell them that they were warm, or that they had good food to eat, but in the fall of 1819, the fa-ther brought home a new wife, Mrs. Sal-ly John-son and now at last a ray of bright-ness came to stay with " Abe " and Nan-cy. The new wife was a good, kind wo-man, and was quite rich for those times. She soon had the home bright and neat ; she put good clothes on " Abe " and Nan-cy ; saw that they had food to eat and at once sent them to school.

be" was now eleven years old, tall and big, and of more strength than most boys of his age. His father hired him out for all sorts of work; to pitch hay, to chop wood, to work on the farm; no work was too hard for this big, strong boy; but, with all this work, he kept at his books. Late at night, while all the rest slept, he would study his books; and as books were few he read them many times over; one of the books he loved the most was the history of Washington."

He was a young man, for it was in March, 1828, that the chance came to him to see more of life; he was hired to take a boat filled with skins down the Mississippi River to New Orleans; he did this work well, and when he came back was paid a good price for it. He was just of age when the folks went to Illinois to live; and now he helped build the new one, cleared a big field in which it stood, split rails to build it in, and then went off to make his own way in life. The first thing he did was to help build a flat-boat and take it down to New Orleans; when he came back a man who owned the boat gave him a place in his store in New Salem; and now he had a good chance to get books and study; and you may be sure he was glad of this. He was soon known in the place as a bright young man, and a man who would not lie, or steal, or do any mean thing; he was full of fun and jokes, and the folks in the town were all fond of him; he was called "Hon-est Abe." When the "Black Hawk War" broke out he went at the head of a band of men to the seat of war; he was in no great danger, but learned much of war and how to rule the men who were in his care.

When he came home he was felt to be one of the first men in the town, and in 1834 he took a high place in the

state. He now took up the study of law, and was successful in practice; he had a good, kind heart, and did good to those who were too poor to pay him. In 1846 he was sent to Congress; this time he was there but one year, then came back to Springfield, Illinois, and built up his law practice. His name was now known throughout the great land; and in the slave strife he was always on the side of the slaves. He spoke so often for the slaves that in 1860, the South said if he was put up for president, North and West, they would leave the Union. But he was not just the man to fill this high office at this time; and although he had the most votes he took the office of President in 1861. There is a story told of these days, which shows that Lincoln, when a great man, had no shame for the days when he was poor. Old John Hanks, who had helped him build that rail fence so long ago, came to Illinois with the first of those rails; and on them was a big card which told where they came from, and who split them. Lincoln was about to make a speech to a big crowd; and when he saw these rails he said that he had split them when a boy, and thought he could do better now. Then shouts and cheering went up from the crowd, you may be sure; and from that time Lincoln was known in the race for president as "Rail Splitter."

When he left his home to go to Washington, a great crowd came to see him off, but he was so sad he could say much to them. There were plots to kill him at that time, and he knew it; but he gave no thought to his life, and went straight to his post of duty as President. It was with a sad heart that he saw this great land divided with war; and he would have been glad to keep peace if this he could not do. When the South fired at the

the Union at Fort Sum-ter, a cry went up through the land. The South fought for what it called "State rights;" the right of each state to rule in its own way as this Lin-coln would not have. He cared more for the Union than he did for the slaves; for, though he thought men should be free, he said, if he could save the Union he would not care if not one slave was made free; he had no mind to keep the South from its rights; but, at last, he felt it was time to send out a bill, which said that all the slaves should be free, and have the same rights as white men. The land was in no state for war; much had to be done. Clothes and food got for the troops; and arms as well had to be made or bought at once. The first great fight was at Bull Run in Vir-gin-i-a; and the loss of life on both sides was great; the North lost from the first; men who had never been in a fight before went mad with fear and ran away with their lives. But at the fight at Get-tys-burg the men of the North were brave and fought with such skill that the battle was won by the North.

Grant was put at the head of the troops who went down the Mis-sis-sip-pi; and it was not long before he placed the stars and Stripes over this fair state. The South made a brave fight, for what it thought was right and just; but the war went on, the troops of the South were in a bad way; they could get no food, no clothes, and so many had been shot that in the last years of the war young men had to help fill up the ranks. Now came Sher-man's march to the sea, and he took Sa-van-nah and all its gunpowder stores. This was a great blow, and now one by one the sea-ports of the South fell in-to the hands of the North. Gen-er-al Lee, a great and good man of the South, sent word to Grant that he would come to terms and make

peace. Grant was kind at this hard time ; he let Lee have his sword, and said that the men might keep all their horses. It was in April, 1865, that peace came to the great land ; and the North went mad with joys ; streets were sealed, and fires blazed in the streets ; flags were hoisted and guns were fired ; but in the South there was not only great grief.

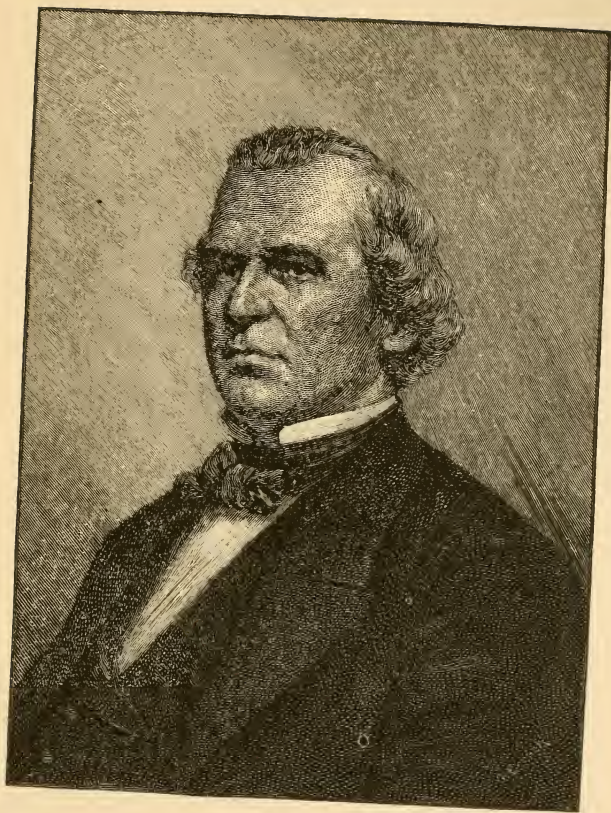
From the grief of the South a great crime sprang. On the night of April 14th, as Lincoln sat in a box at the theatre watching a play he was shot by a man from the South named Wilkes Booth. When he had shot Lincoln this man sprang on the stage and tried to run from the place ; he fell and broke his leg ; but in this state he ran to the door, where he jumped on his horse and fled for his life. He was found at last in a barn, and made so brave a fight for his life that the barn had to be set on fire before he could be caught ; even then he would not surrender and give himself up ; but fought till he was shot where he stood.

Lincoln had been shot in the back of his head and could not move or speak ;—men took him with care to a house near by, but there was no help for him ; and in the early morn of the next day a great life came to a sad end. The whole land, the South as well as the North, wept for his death ; for no sane man felt that Booth's deed was wrong or just ; and to this day the name of Abraham Lincoln, "Saviour of his Country," is held dear by North and South.

AN-DREW JOHN-SON.

AN-DREW JOHN-SON'S life as a boy was quite as hard as that of little "Abe" Lin-coln. He was born in Ra-leigh, in Car-o-li-na, on De-cem-ber 29th, 1808, in a small town; and near his home were the big farms of the rich of the South, on which lived in more ease than he the whites, who looked down on his father and mother as "white trash."

His father died when An-drew was but four years old. He must have been a brave man, for he lost his life trying to save a man from drown-ing. Little An-drew was too poor to go to school; he had to try and earn mon-ey, when he was but ten years old; so he was sent to a tail-or to learn to make clothes; here, for five years he worked hard; and one day he heard a man read; and for the first time it came into his mind that he could learn to do this; he got the money to go to the shop to teach him his "A, B, C;" and he was so quick of learn-ing that soon he could read a lit-tle; but it was not till he was wed to a bright young girl that he learned a great deal of books; this was when he was eight-een, and he had to go to Green-ville, Ten-nes-see, to set up in life for himself. These young folks were both poor, but both bright. The wife was a great help to John-son all through his life. He rose fast in his new home; we see him, from the first, take the part of the poor; and he was soon put in high re-spect in the town; it was not long ere he rose to a high position in the state, and, in 1843, we see the poor lit-tle tail-or



ANDREW JOHNSON.

boy of 1826 in the halls of Congress, standing up for the rights of the class in which he was born. In 1846 he took the seat of John Quincy Adams, who was too sick to leave his bed; does it not seem strange that two men who had lived in such different ways should rise to just the same place? For four years he was in Washington, where he helped make the laws of the land; then in 1853, he was made governor of Tennessee. When the Civil War broke out, he took sides with the North, though he was born in the South and lived there; and when Lincoln was made president he took the next place as vice-president.

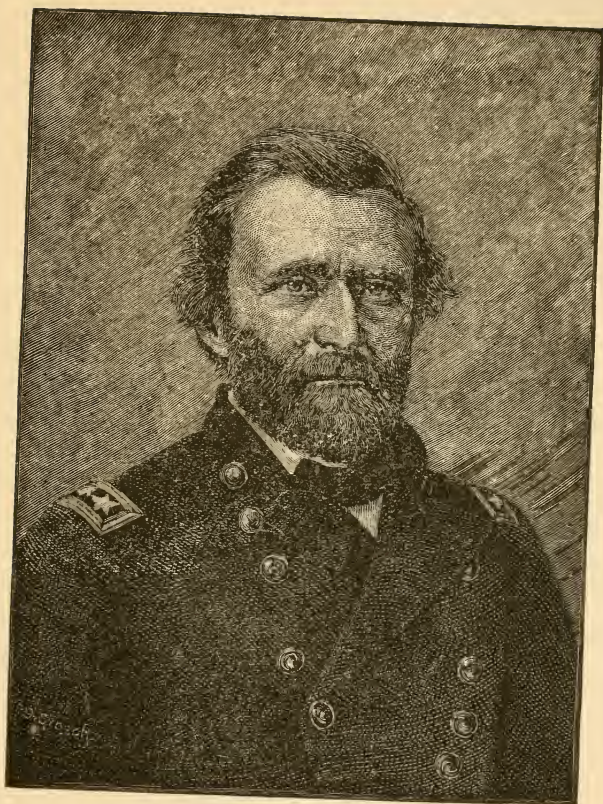
On Lincoln's death, he took the president's chair. The whole land was now upset; in the South the white people had no work; and the slaves did not know how to care for themselves. In the North there was strife as to the way in which the South should come back into the Union. On many things Johnson and his Congress did not agree; the same; so there was strife between them. It came to its height in 1868, when the Senate tried Johnson for "high crimes and misdemeanors;" this means that the Congress thought the president did not act for the good of the land, and should be put out of office; but the men who tried him did not all think the same; and most of them said he should keep his place.

So he was in the chair for four years, and then he went home to Elizabethtown, Tennessee, where he lived until his death on July 29th, 1875.

U-LYS-SES SIMP-SON GRANT.

THE boy who was to be first a great gen-er-al in the army, and then Pres-i-dent of the U-nit-ed States, was born at Pleasant, O-hi-o, A-pril 27th, 1822. As a boy he did not care for books, but was fond of sports and games. He had a great love for horses; he was but eight years old when he put a young colt to a sled, and hauled sticks and logs from the woods to his home; and he was but ten years old when he made a trade of a horse he had for a young colt which had not been used much; on his way home he fell and sprang at the colt, which, at once, mad with fear, tried to run a-way; the boy held fast to his reins, and stopped the colt just on the edge of a great cliff; but it was in such a way that it would not move, and the boy for a time knew not what to do. At last he took his hand-ker-chief, tied it over the colt's eyes, and so drove him home. Folks near Grant home said there was no horse which young U-ly-s-es could not ride; he was a boy who had a firm will and strong nerves; and was at the head in all sports of the boys; for young boys soon learn which one of them must take the lead.

He did not stand so high in school, but did his tasks well. In 1839 he went to West Point. Here he soon had many friends; and they gave him a name which clung to him for life; he was called "Uncle Sam," from the U. S. initials of his first two names. At West Point, he read a great deal of history, and the men who had done brave deeds for the



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

oun-try ; and when he left there he was, at heart, as
 s in name, a sol-dier of his coun-try. He at once took
 place with the troops, who were at war with the In-
 n the West ; but his first big fight was at Pa-lo Al
 846. At the close of this war Grant, who had s
 much skill, and knew no fear, was sent to the West
 more to force the In-di-ans to keep peace.

He was in Cali-for-ni-a while the gold craze was
 height, to try and make the rough men who came in s
 f gold keep the laws of the land. Then, from 1854, h
 a few years of peace, and start-ed to tan hides and ski
 Ga-le-na, Il-li-nois ; but his life was ev-er at his coun
 all ; and he was one of the first men to take up ar
 he Civil War. He was made a gen-er-al soon af-te
 war broke out ; and one of his first acts was to bloo
 he streams and roads near his post at Cai-ro, on the
 River, so that the South could get no food or arms. C
 was known as a brave fight-er, and oft-en was in the
 f the fight at the head of his men. At a great loss
 o his troops, he took two strong forts from the S
 Forts Hen-ry and Don-el-son ; and then came that
 fight at Shi-loh ; where the troops of the South wen
 down, and the North won the day ; Grant was now
 next to the head of the whole ar-my ; and at once tr
 take the cit-y of Vicks-burg. The siege of this cit-y
 ard for those in its walls, and for the troops in front
 or Grant and his men could get no food from the M
 and the cit-y was quite cut off from help. The cit-y
 a brave stand for two long months ; but had to gi
 t last, and at the end of that time Grant and his
 marched in-to the cit-y ; now this great gen-er-al sh
 what a kind heart he had, for he gave food and clot

poor men who had fought so long and so well, to save the town; and he tried hard, at this time, to think of a way to bring the war to a close. Grant was not a rich man, but he was a just one; and in his camps, the soldiers must live the right sort of lives; he would not let his troops steal food from the farms about them, or rob the poor people in their homes. He was a plain man, and his dress reflected his plain tastes; once, when he had his troops march past him, that he might see how they looked, he wore such a plain garb that his captains were dressed better than he. He wore no sword, sash, nor belt; just a dark suit, with a soft felt hat on his head, and a pair of gloves on his hands; he was a great smoker, and, indeed, his big plans were all made when his cigar was in his mouth. In 1863, Grant won a great fight at Chattanooga; and in the fierce fight in the Wilderness, he and General Lee met for the first time.

Grant's next great work was to seize Petersburg; and he laid siege to the town; he dug a huge mine in front of the doomed city, and filled it full of powder that would blow off when fired with a match; when this great charge blew off, the fort was blown to small bits, and heads and dying men lay in the midst of the ruins. But the brave men of the South still held the fort, and they drove back the troops from the North as they rushed forward; and so well did they fight that Grant and his men were forced to draw back, and leave Petersburg alone for some time.

The next time he tried to take the town though, General Lee, who was in charge, was forced to yield; and soon the red, white and blue waved over the Southern city. After this, Grant took from Lee all the troops in his

large ; and it was now plain to see that the war was soon end.

You read in the life of Lin-coln, of the terms of peace which Grant gave to the great chief of the South ; and seems that these two men, Grant and Lee, had no thoughts for each other ; for when peace was made, they shook hands, and part-ed friends. Each had done his duty for the cause he thought right. Grant's trip to the North when the war was at an end was a grand one ; crowds flocked to see the man who had saved the Union, and cheers and shouts rang to the skies. He was, of course, named for pre-si-dent and a great vote put him in of-fice.

He was in the pre-si-dent's seat for two terms ; and he was the on-ly man since Wash-ing-ton, who was thought of for a third term ; but this the whole land said no to ; as no man should be pre-si-dent longer than Wash-ing-ton had been. In Grant's last term, a big fair was held in Phil-a-del-phia called the " Cen-ten-ni-al ;" to keep in mind this was the day on which this land was made free. At the end of Grant's two terms, he took a tour of the world ; and all lands made much of the sol-dier pre-si-dent ; rich gifts were placed in his hands ; and at the courts of the old kings and queens were glad to have this plain quiet man as a guest.

His last home was in New York ; and here, in 1885, he fell sick ; he lost much mon-ey at this time, and was at last a poor man. But he was, to the last, a brave man, and in the midst of much pain, he wrote the book of his life, so that when he was dead his wife should have mon-ey from the sale.

He died after eight long months of great pain, at Mc-Greg-or, near Sar-a-to-ga ; on July 23d, 1885, his body

ate in New York for some days, and crowds from near came to view this great man for the last time. He was laid to rest August 8th, 1885, at River-side Park, New York City; and the white marble tomb that marks the spot is a gift to the great dead, from the land he served so well.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

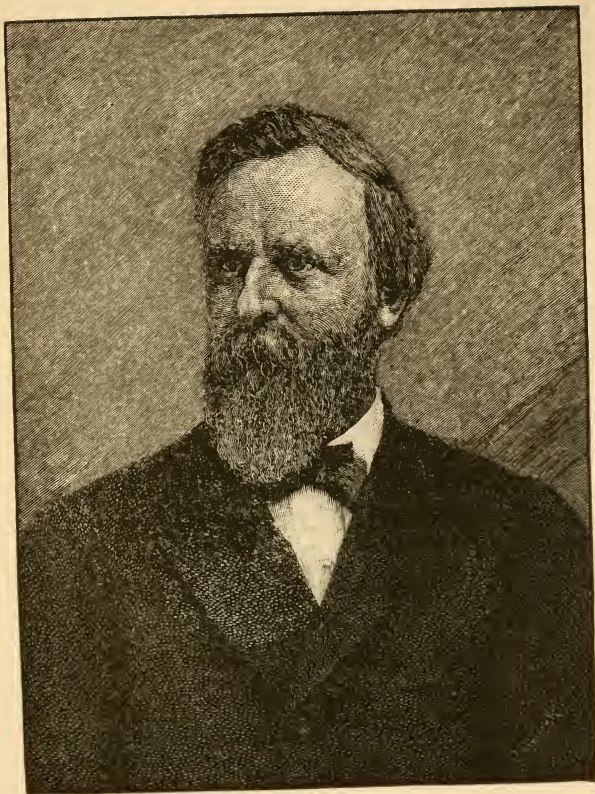
RUTH-ER-FORD B. HAYES.

RUTH-ER-FORD B. HAYES was born in Del-a-ware, O c-to-ber 4th, 1822 ; such a strong, ro-sy lit-tle boy was that he had the pet name of “ Rud-dy ; ” his fa-ther had a big farm and a store as well, so he was quite rich, and the Rud-dy grew up in a bright and hap-py home. He came of a race of brave men, who had fought and died for their land in the wars of the Rev-o-lu-tion and of 1812 ; he grew up as brave as they. He and his lit-tle sis-ter went when young to a small school near their home ; the good, wise moth-er helped them with their books at home. Ruth-er-ford worked hard at school, and went when young to the high school, where he soon stood at the head of his class. He was six-teen when he went to Ken-yon Col-lege, Ohio. Now, though he was so good at his books, he loved sport and fun as well ; and he was so strong, that he could walk miles on the cold-est of days, and yet get no tired. Once he walked all the way from col-lege to his home in New York, when the snow lay deep on the ground, and this was forty miles ; he could swim and skate, and knew how to fish and hunt ; the boys at col-lege all liked him ; he had lots of friends, and the strong, brave will that kept his head in games and sports put him first in his class. He left col-lege in 1842, and took up the stud-y of law at Har-vard Col-lege ; in 1846, he was made one of the bar. He took up prac-tise of law in Cin-cin-nat-i. When the Civil War broke out, he, as cap-tain of a band of men from Ohio, did brave, good work. Once he was shot and fell.

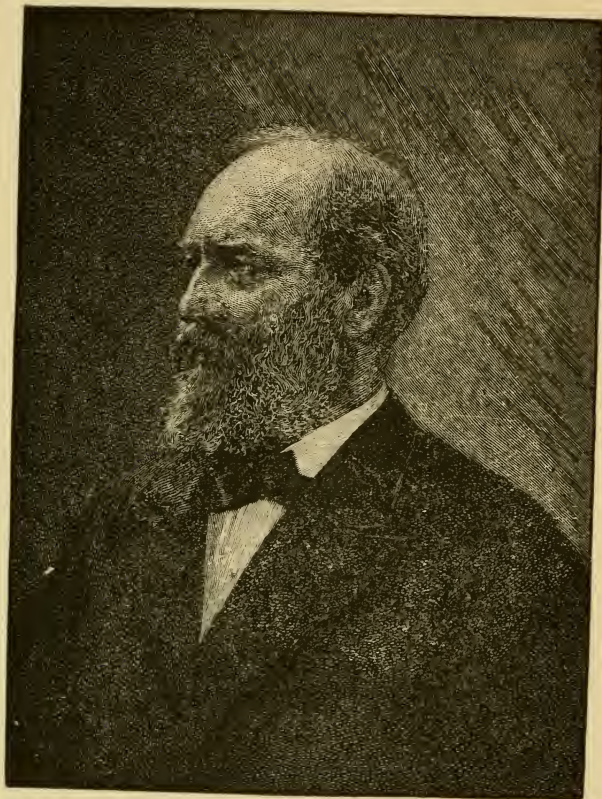
LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

ground; but he did not give up; he told his men what to do as he lay there in great pain, and kept up till some one came to take his place as leader. At the end of the year he was a general; and was much loved by his men. He was sent to Congress by his state; and then made its governor for three terms. In 1876, he was made president, though some thought by a fraud in the count; and the democrats said that their man, Sam-u-el J. Tilden, should have been president. While Hayes was at the White House, there was a great labor strike, from the East to the West, on all the rail-roads. The heads of the roads said that they would not pay the men, in their hire, as much as they had done; and so, all the men left their work and no trains could run, for the men came in great mobs to stop the trains. At last, they rose in arms, and then the troops were sent to force them to keep the peace; nine men were killed, and one of the rest were badly hurt. But the men did not give up for a long time; they held Pitts-burg for two days, and burned cars and the grain kept in them. Of course, in the end, the law had to be obeyed and the mobs were made to come to terms, and lay down their arms.

There was a war with the In-di-ans while Hayes was in the chair; but this was put down by Gen-er-al Howard. After some fierce fights, the chiefs were caught and made to keep the peace. There was a change made in the way of life at the White House while Hayes was there, and wine was ever put on the table for guests or for the president and his wife; this was the first time, and so the only time, that wine has not had its place at least at the state meals at the White House. Hayes was in Washington for one term and then went to his home in Massachusetts. He died on Jan-u-a-ry 17th, 1893.



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

JAMES A-BRAM GAR-FIELD.

IN rough log cab-ins, out in the midst of wild woods we have read that six of our pres-i-dents were born ; y-enth, James A-bram Gar-field, was born in Or-a-hi-o, on No-vem-ber 19th, 1831.

His fa-ther had built, with his own hands, their small home ; and it stood deep in the wild wood, whose trees could, at times, catch fire from the sparks thrown from the steam en-gines some miles off. Near the Gar-field home was their field of grain ; one day this caught fire, and in trying to save his wheat, the fa-ther of lit-tle James lost his home. It was a hard life to which he left his young mother and the four lit-tle ones ; but she was a brave good woman. She had to work hard of course, and so did the boys. But the moth-er taught them from books as well ; and James was but four years old when he went to his first school. He was a tough, strong boy, and soon did a large part of the farm work ; in the long sum-mers he had the most work to do, and then in the win-ters he could go to school ; he was a brave boy, for the school was miles from home, and his road lay through the deep woods, in which wild beasts roamed at will. But he went his way, and the felt fear, did not show it ; he had a great love for books, and late at night, with the big wood-fire for his light, he could read o-ver and o-ver his few books. His moth-er taught him to love the Bi-ble, and this Good Book he kept well. But, at last, the time came when he was so old

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

could leave home, and so help the mother more than he had done. The first thing he did was to drive mules on the tow-path of the O-hi-o Canal; here he earned \$10. a month, but the men he met were coarse and rough, and the life rude and vile; so, with a sad heart, the young man fresh from his good home in the quiet woods, took what he had made here, and went back to the place he loved. He was sick for a long while now; and as he lay on his bed, he made up his mind that he would go to college, and live a good, useful life out in the big world; that he would use his brains more than his hands. With this hope in his mind, he made money in the summer to pay his way through school in winter; and soon knew all that they could teach him, and went to Hiram College; here at first he did all sorts of work to pay his way; rang the bells, swept the floors, built the fires; but he was soon paid to teach in the school, for he was too bright and quick to do such hard work long. In 1854, he went to Williams College, and became the head of his class in 1856.

From now on he rose fast; he taught school when he was not at college; his boys loved the big strong man and his mother much in his praise, that men learned to love him. In 1859 he was made one of the O-hi-o Senate, and the next year sent to Congress. Then came the Civil War, in which he fought bravely; he won much fame in some of the great battles, and was made a general. He was a warm friend of Lincoln; and on the day of Lincoln's death, it was Garfield who spoke such calm, good words to the frightened men on Wall Street, New York, that he kept them from doing rash acts at this sad time. At the close of the war, he had been in Europe for a short time; and when he came home, he was sent to Congress, where he kept his seat

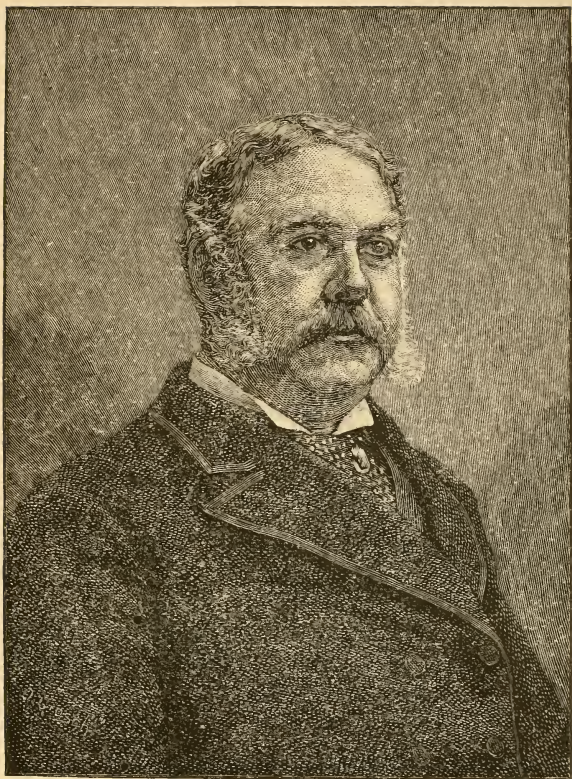
JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

a long time. In 1880 he was named for president, and took his seat in 1881. But there was a great grief in store for this land, once more. On July 2d, 1881, just four months from the time he took his seat, Garfield was shot by John Wilkes Booth, as he, with James G. Blaine, was on his way to take a train north from Washington. They bore him to the White House, and the man who had done this act was seized. The whole land prayed for Garfield, but he grew worse fast; and it was thought best to take him to Long Branch, where it was cooler than Washington. But the long, hot months dragged on, and the sick man did not grow well in the cool salt air, as had been hoped; in spite of all care, the president failed by day; and on September 19th, 1881, the whole land heard with sorrow of this good man's death. The men of the day wept side by side, as Garfield lay in state in Washington; and men of note, in all walks of life, mourned his death as a great grief. He now lies at rest in Mount Vernon, Ohio. John Wilkes Booth was hanged for the crime he had done; and it is but just to say, that some thought he was not in his right mind when he shot Garfield.

LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR was born in Fair-field, Ver-
mont on Oc-to-ber 5th, 1830, and his fath-er had charge of
church in that place and was one of the first men to
for the poor slaves. Now, in those days, those good
did not live as well as they do now ; for folks were poor
small towns ; so this small boy was al-so born in a
b-in ; but he was sent to good schools, and was quite
when he knew so much that he could go to Uni-on
ge. All the time he was here he paid his own way
when he left Col-lege he taught school, so that he could
means to go to New York and stud-y law. He was
n law prac-tise, and he and an old school-mate made
one of their firm well known. Ar-thur took the par-
black race, just as his fa-ther had done, and in 1856
n a suit which let the ne-groes ride in horse-cars with the
s. A slave-girl had been put off a car and Ar-thur took
e case and won it. For some years he held high of-fice
state of New York and was a gen-er-al in the Civ-il
he was not in the fights, but saw that the troops had
s and food ; he did this hard task so well that, when
war was at an end, the pres-i-dent gave him the best place
w York State ; he was made chief of the great port of
York and held this post for two terms.
In 1880 he was made vice-pres-i-dent with Gar-field a
dent ; and, of course, took the chair when Gar-field
He held this place for one term and then went back



CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

to his home in New York City, and took up his law work. There was a split in his party at the end of his term ; some wished Arthur to run once more for president ; some wished James G. Blaine of Maine ; so, of course Blaine was named. The Democrats named Grover Cleveland ; and as all the men on that side wished this one to win, he had the most votes ; and for the first time long while, the Democrats won in the race for president.

Two years from the time that Arthur came home to rest in the midst of his law work, he died in New York City ; this was on November 18th, 1886 ; and he was buried at rest in Albany.

STEPHEN GRO-VER CLEVELAND.

THE race of brave, strong men from whom Stephen Grover Cleveland sprang made their first homes here in Massachusetts, as far back as 1635. His father was in charge of a small church in Caldwell, New Jersey, where, in a neat white frame house, which you may see for yourselves to-day, was born, on March 18th, 1837, the boy who was to rise, step by step, to the president's seat.

He was three years old when they moved to Fayetteville, New York, and here he first went to school and remained till he was twelve years old. He showed a strong will and a great love for books, as a small boy; he would have found his own way, if he could get it; and this was why he was sent to a high school, when he was not so old by some years as the rest of the boys there; he gave his father no reason, he sent him; and once there he made up his mind to leave for Massachusetts.

He was just twelve when his strong will sent him to work in a store near his home, so that he could help support the big family in the small home. The man who employed him, soon saw that, if he was young, he knew how to do his work well, and that he could trust him; for two years he worked in the store and then went back to his books.

But, just at this time, his father died; and he then had to find a way to care for those in great need at home. With the same pluck that he had shown in the past, he now went to work in a "Home for the Blind," in New York. In this big city, the bright boy saw and heard much which

new thoughts, and put in his heart the wish to make his life a great one. At the end of two years in the "Horn" he made up his mind to learn law ; and he asked a man whom he knew to lend him twenty-five dollars to start him. The fact that this man did so shows that he had trusted young Gro-ver Cleve-land ; he could now start his work, and went to Buf-fa lo to do so. Here he lived for eight years, and then he helped his un-cle, in the care of a big farm, and when money he so made was sent to his moth-er. Soon he had the chance to stud-y law ; the place where he went was some miles from his un-cle's home, but back and forth, rain or shine, he walked each day. There is told a tale that shows how he loved the books of law ; for, the first day he went to this place, a book was put in his hands to read ; he kept it for hours, till dark came ; then he found the rest of the day when he had gone home ; all the doors were locked ; and he must stay there all night.

Such hard work soon made him a man who well knew the law ; and folks gave him big cases that brought him much fame. He did not go to the war, when it broke out, for he felt that he could not leave his folks at home with no one to care for them.

He rose fast in his law work ; and more than one great case did he win ; he cared far more to take the part of the poor than of the rich ; and at no time in his life did he seek a high place or fame ; it came to him though, for he was chosen the man to fill a high post well. His name was spread all over his state and at Wash-ing-ton ; for three years he was Sher-iff of Erie Coun-ty and then he took up his abode in Wash-ing-ton to ac-tise once more ; but soon he was put at the head of the city as its May-or ; and then was made the Gov-ern-or of the great state of New York. Here he did good work ; he

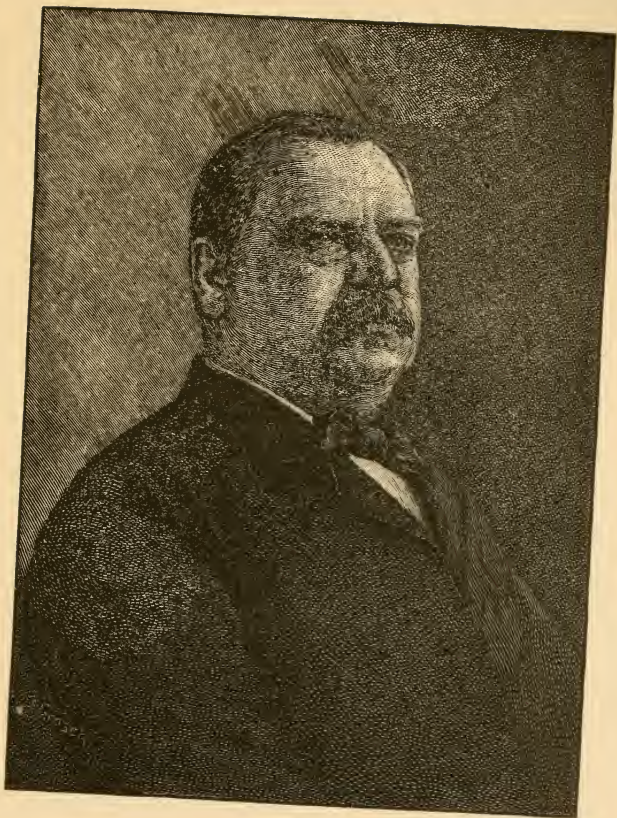
and those who had tak-en bribes, and had not been good men, and he tried to see that the laws were well kept. He saw that he was the right man to fill this high place. He had no fear of what might be thought of him ; he did as he felt right ; and so, while he was still governor he was named for pres-i-dent by a great vote, and was elected. When he took the oath of of-fice in Wash-ing-ton he did not kiss the big Bi-ble which oth-er pres-i-dents had, but a lit-tle old book, much worn with use, which another had giv-en to him when he first left home. He was in the chair four years and while here, he took for his daughter Miss Fran-ces Fol-som ; he was the first pres-i-dent to live in the White House. Cleve-land was pres-i-dent for seven years ; at the end of that time, the Re-pub-li-cans placed Ja-min Har-ri-son in the pres-i-dent's chair.

But, at the end of one term, once more the Dem-o-crats were in the day ; and a-gain, in 1893, we see Gro-ver Cleve-land as pres-i-dent.

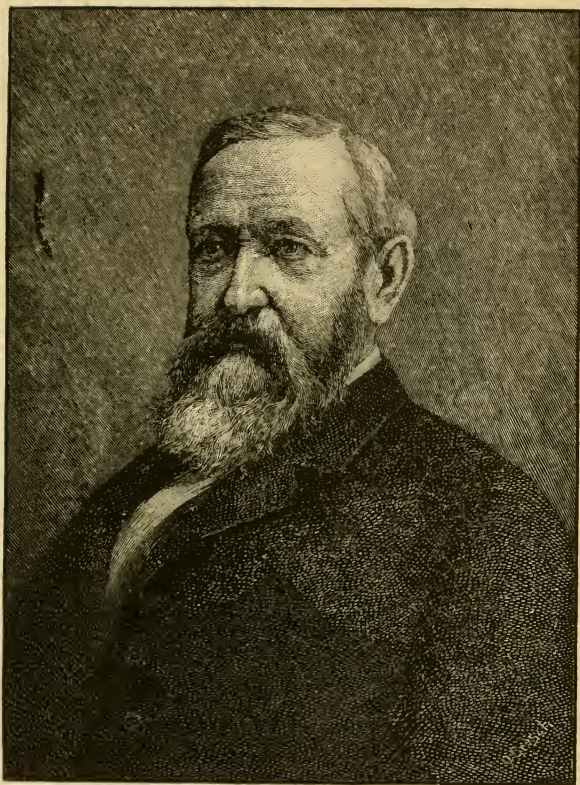
In May of 1894, the World's Fair was o-pen-ed ; and for many years and girls are too young to know some-thing of the ex-hib-it-ion of the Great White Cit-y built on the shores of Lake Mich-i-gan in Chi-ca-go. In the last years of Cleve-land's term, there was much talk of the state of things in Cu-ba. The Cu-ban men there wished to be free from Spain, who had ruled them, with a hard hand, for hun-dreds of years.

Spain sent down troops of sol-diers ; and harsh laws were made to force the Cu-bans to keep the peace. But the Cu-bans would not give up ; and the U-nited States began to show sym-pa-thy for this brave lit-tle is-land, try-ing to get free.

In the midst of the strife, Cleve-land's term of of-fice came to an end, and he came to New York to live and to practise law a-gain. He now has his home in Prince-ten, New Jersey, and has a large law prac-tise.



GROVER CLEVELAND.



BENJAMIN HARRISON.

BEN-JA-MIN HAR-RI-SON.

IN the first part of this book, you heard of a br
di-an fight-er, whose name was Wil-liam Hen-ry Har
and you saw this brave man mount step by step
pres-i-dent's chair. It is his grand-son, Ben-ja-min
son, whom we now see pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted
He was born in his grand-fa-ther's home at Nort
In-di-an-a, on Au-gust 20th, 1833. There were no good
near his home; so in a small log house, in his
fa-ther's grounds, he first went to school; he and
oth-er boys and girls were taught here by those wh
Har-ri-sons hired. In this school the seats were of
laid on sticks that were stuck in holes in the floor
had no backs; and were so high that the small bo
girls could not touch their feet to the floor. On-ly
win-ter did this small boy go to school; in the sum-
had work to do on the big farm; he did his work we
he also learned to shoot, to fish, to swim, and to ride

He was much liked by all the boys, for he was
sports and jokes. In 1820 he went to Mi-a-mi Col-le
left in 1822, to stud-y law. In one of his first ca
light was so dim, that he could not see the notes
made with such care. What should he do? There v
one thing he could do: fling to one side the not
plead his case without an-y. This was a hard thing
but he did it so well, that he won his case; and th
men of the day gave him much praise for his speech

When the Civ-il War broke out he raised a troop of men from his own state, and was made the col-o-nel of this band. It was called the "70th In-di-an-a."

He served for two years, and won fame in some of the bat-tles of the war; so brave was he at Re-sa-ca, that he was made a Brig-a-dier Gen-er-al. Through the long years of war, he was kind and good to the men in his care. They loved him well, and gave him the name of "Little Bear."

Not till the war was at an end, did he leave the field. With much fame, he went back home, and took up his abode at law. He took a high place in his own state and made some great speech-es.

It was now the year 1889; just one hun-dred years had passed since Wash-ington, our first pres-i-dent, took his oath as Pres-i-dent of the U-nit-ed States; and the whole world thought it right to cel-e-brate the date. So in New York Cit-y, on A-pril 29th and 30th, was held the "Washington Cen-ten-ni-al." The cit-y was hung from end to end with red, white and blue; the grand, good face of Washington, framed in the flag of the land, or wreathed in green boughs, looked down on the gay scene. Rank by rank, the troops of every army of a-midst the shouts and cheers of the dense crowd filled the streets, and looked from the win-dows of the shops and hous-es. Rich and poor, great and small, kept their places on that great day; the pres-i-dent and oth-er great men from Washington were brought to the foot of Wall Street, on a platform hung with flags; here all the ships of war were drawn up on each side; and as the party went to the spot where Washington took his oath of of-fice, young girls, clad in white, cast flow-ers be-fore them. As the troops filed past the pres-i-dent, one saw, not just those from the North; but

up from the South came hosts of men, bearing the
 their states ; all glad to share in this great day of the
 and there were men from across the seas too ; the G
 and the French marched side by side with the A-me
 By night, fire-works and bon-fires filled the stree
 light, and blazed in beau-ty ; no such great time h
 been known in this land ; and this was as it should
 it was all done for the great, good man, who had
 troops so well in our first war, that he had made
 and had then, by a wise and just rule, helped us t
 great, strong land that we are to-day.

While Har-ri-son was in of-fice, work was be-gun
 “World’s Fair,” which was held in Chi-ca-go, in 18
~~one~~ ^{the} hun-dred years since Co-lum-bus first saw A-m
 Har-ri-son went to Chi-ca-go and o-pened the fair
 speech on Oc-to-ber 14th, 1892 ; but folks could not g
 till the next year. In 1893, Har-ri-son went home
 an-a, and took up his law work, once more ; he is sti
 is well known as a good law-yer, and has many
 friends a-mong the great men of our day.

We have seen that Gro-ver Cleve-land now
 pres-i-dent ; at the end of his four years, the Re-pu
 put Wil-liam Mc-Kin-ley in of-fice.

WIL-LIAM MC-KIN-LEY.

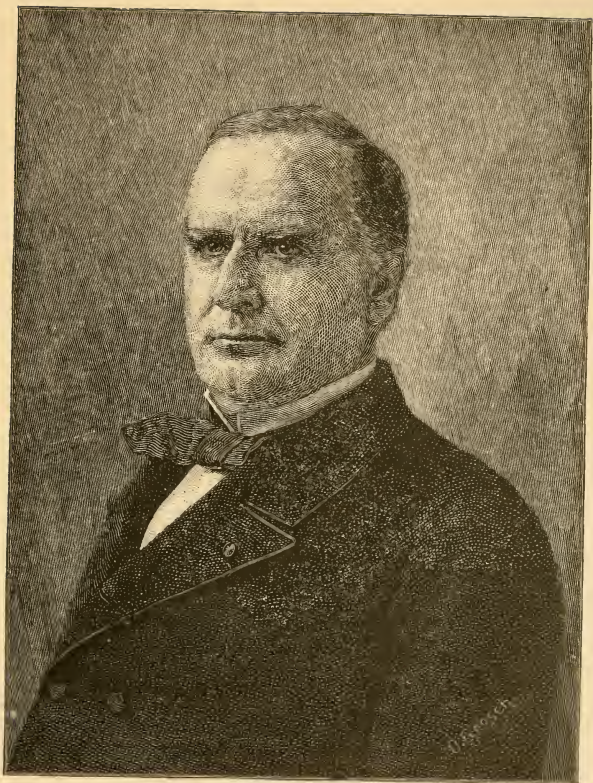
THE man, who now, in the year 1900, stands at the head of our great land, was born at Niles, O-hi-o, on Jan-u-a-ry 1843. In the schools near his home he was taught to read letters and, as a child, was fond of books, and quick to learn.

He was a mere boy, when he taught school to earn his means to go to Col-lege. The school-house in which he now sits still stands; it is a plain, square, white house, with four win-dows in front and three on each side. His mother was a good wo-man, with a clear, strong brain; she taught him, as well as his eight broth-ers and sis-ters, to love truth, and to live brave and strong lives.

Young Wil-liam was not long to lead a life of peace. In 1861 he, then but a boy of eight-een, left his books and his home, and went to the war. Many sto-ries prove how brave he was while there; but two will show you how he came so fast from the ranks. At one time the guns had been left on the road, af-ter a great fight; and it would be a hard task to go back near the foe to get them. But, young Wil-kin-ley said, "The boys will haul them;" and he and his broth-ers went back for them and brought them into our camp.

Then he was at one time two miles from the fighting, in charge of the food; he was quite safe; but he thought our men would fight bet-ter, if they had some cof-fee and sugar.

So he filled a cart and drove straight to the line of the front. Our brave men were hard at work. Was this not a brave act? To risk his life for the sake of tak-ing food and



WILLIAM McKINLEY.

drink to the worn men. He worked his way straight to the front and came out of the war a captain. He came home at once and took up the study of law in Canton. One of his first speeches was for the rights of the colored men ; he said that they should have the same rights that white men had ; and he was ever on the side of the black man. In 1869 McKinley was married to Miss Saxton. They were both very young when their first little children died. The young lawyer did all he could to cheer his wife ; and she was as brave as he, and did not let her grief keep him from his work. He rose fast in the state, and held high place more than once ; then, in 1876, he was sent to Congress. In 1891 he was made governor of Ohio ; and in 1897, he had made such a great name for himself that he was put up for president by the Republicans, and elected. Just as he came into office, the war in Cuba was at its height ; and men here in our great country had much pity for the Cubans, who were trying to get free from Spain, just as we had tried to shake the yoke of England long years ago. The Spanish rule grew worse and worse, as Spain found that Cuba would not submit. At last General Weyler, a harsh and cruel man, was sent there to force peace on any terms ; but General Gomez knew his foes well, and his brave men fought with strength born of a great hate for Spain. By and by, Spain saw she could not win the day, she sent word that Cuba would lay down her arms, she could have the terms for which she had asked in vain in the past.

But it was too late ; Cuba had no faith in Spain, and would now be free from her hard yoke. There was no want in the big towns of Cuba at this time, for Weyler had made all the poor folks, who had lived in peace on

all farms, come in-to the towns. He said they gave help to the Cu-ban troops, and so he forced them to leave their homes. He would on-ly let them bring with them just the things that they could put on their backs. Then he burned their lit-tle homes, and their crops which they had raised with great care, all burned to the ground. He had little food for this great host of poor people, and many died in the streets for the want of bread. You may be sure that our people at land saw the pain and want down in Cu-ba, and were angry to give aid; but an act of help on our part would have been in war with Spain, and this Mc-Kin-ley did not wish. There came a day when a great cry went up through the U-nited States at a foul deed done in the bay of Ma-ni-la. Our great war ship, the "Maine," was blown up by a bomb, as she lay at an-chor in the har-bor. The thought of our poor men sent to such a death raised the cry of war in all hearts. "Re-mem-ber the Maine," was the war-cry. The men cried for war at once with Spain. But Mc-Kin-ley gave Spain one more chance to stop the fight and free the bay; but this she would not do. So on A-pril 21st, 1898, ordered the U-nited States had to make ready for war. From all the states men poured in and camps sprang up. And there, where the men were taught to load and fire their guns. Off at Hong-Kong, in charge of our war-ships, was the brave Ad-mi-ral Dew-ey. He knew that the Spanish fleet was in Ma-ni-la Bay, near the Phil-ip-pine Is-lands, which were ruled by Spain; the loss of these ships would be a great blow to Spain just at this time; so Dew-ey ordered his ships there to strike a blow for his coun-try. It was night when he reached the spot, and be-fore the Span-iards knew he was near, six of his great ships had slipped past their forts. Then a fierce fire poured on him.

from the forts ; but it did not do much harm. At last the Spanish fleet saw him, and at once the ships opened fire. But Dewey's flag-ship, the "Olympia," sent out such a storm of shot and shell, that the first of the Spanish ships was sunk, and all on board killed.

The fight lasted two hours ; and at the end of that time the Spanish fleet had all been sunk. Great joy was felt in the United States when this glad news was received, and Dewey was the hero of the whole land.

Our men down in Cuba fought well, and many deeds were done. On June 6th Admiral Sampson opened fire on the forts at San-tia-go ; our men put their heads down, did their work and their aim with the great guns was true and straight. The Spaniards did not aim so well, and their shots did not go so far, and so the shot and shell did their forts did not do us much harm.

Soon our men had stopped the fire from all the forts except Castle Mor-ro, and this fort was rent and torn in many places.

On June 24th our "Rough Riders," with Theodore Roosevelt at their head, were sent out to clear the way to San-tia-go. The foe poured a hot fire on our men from the tall hills and weeds in which they lay hidden ; and there was a great loss of life. Full of fire and pluck were these "Rough Riders," and led by their brave colonels, Roosevelt and Wood, they forced the Spanish troops back, foot by foot. The day of fight was five miles long ; the heat was fierce ; and food and water scarce. But at last the troops came to the top of San Juan Hill ; then, with a mad rush, up, to the top of our men to the Spanish fort at the head ! Cheers and shouts rose to the skies as the red, white and blue flag waved from the old Spanish fort ; but the cost of taking it was

been great, for there was much loss of life on both sides. On July 3d Cer-ve-ra, the Span-ish Ad-mi-ral, tried to drive his fleet out of the bay of San-ti-a-go; he was seen and destroyed, by our men, and after a hot chase and fierce fight the whole Span-ish fleet was burned or sunk.

Spain lost scores of brave men; but on our side not one was killed, nor did we lose a ship.

The end of the war was near; on July 10th we landed at San-ti-a-go, and on July 17th we went in-to the city and raised over it the Stars and Stripes.

In this part of the world the last shot had been fired. Dew-ey in the far east did not know this, and so he went to strike one more blow for his coun-try.

He took the cit-y of Ma-ni-la with the loss of but few men, and when our flag waved over this cit-y, the end of the Span-ish war had come. On Jan-u-a-ry 1st, 1898, the Span-ish flag, which for four hun-dred years had waved over Cu-ba, was hauled down; the red, white and blue of our own land took its place; and Cu-ba, free from the hands of Spain, blessed the great nation that had come to her aid.

In Sep-tem-ber of 1899 Ad-mi-ral Dew-ey came home. From end to end of this land his name was cheered.

He was the guest of the cit-y of New York for three days; and well did the cit-y hon-or the he-ro of Ma-ni-la. When we took Ma-ni-la from Spain, and so closed the Span-ish war, it did not give us the Phil-ip-pines. The men there were glad to have us drive out the Span-iards, but they did not wish us to take their place. Long months of war followed, but now, A-gui-nal-do, their chief, has yielded and peace seems to be at hand.

It was not eas-y to see when Mc-Kin-ley be-came pre-

ident that we were soon to be in the midst of war ; but
land has borne her part well. We have gained new lands
the far east, and our flag waves over strange peoples
have not yet learned that it stands for freedom. The
fear that the yoke of the United States will be as heavy
bear as that of Spain. This is not so, and it will not be
before all these far-off lands will learn to love and bless
Red, White and Blue, just as every State in our
Union does to-day.

THE END.

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